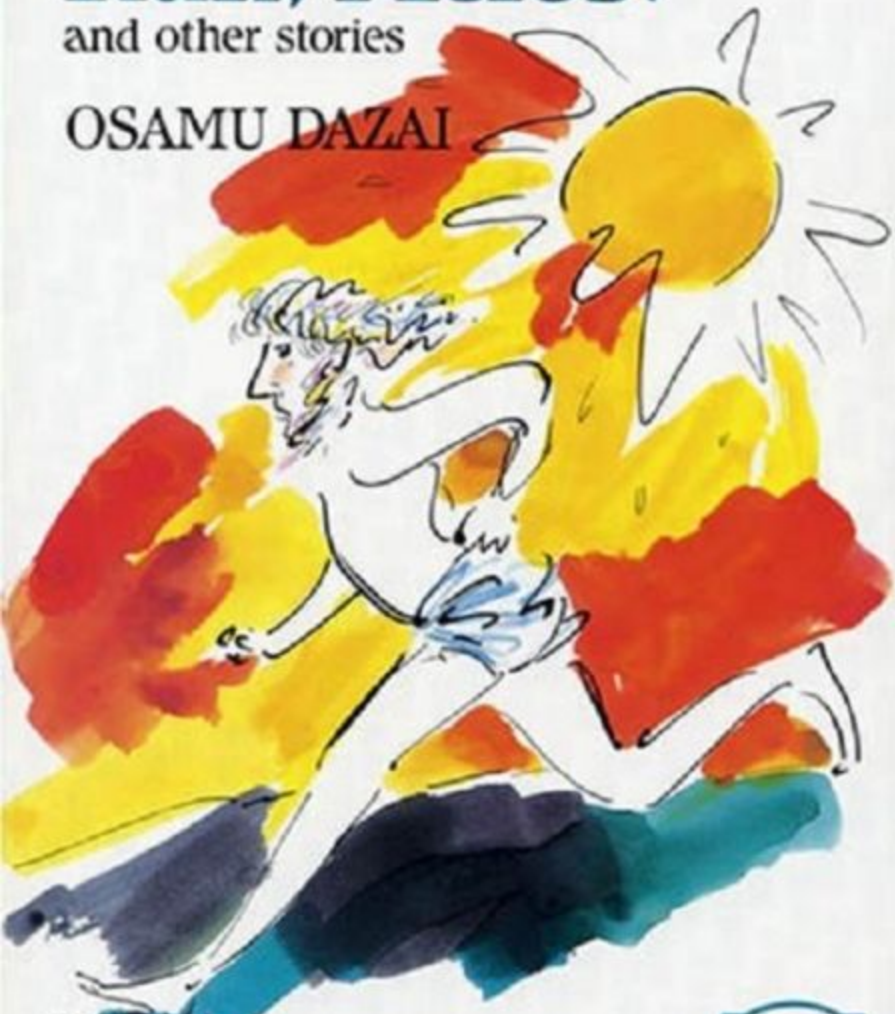
走れメロス

Run, Melos!

and other stories

OSAMU DAZAI



Translated by
RALPH F. McCARTHY

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A Promise Fulfilled

This is something that happened four years ago. I was spending the summer at Mishima in Izu, staying in a room on the second floor of an acquaintance's house, writing a story called "Romanesque." One night, in the course of riding a bicycle through the streets of the town, drunk, I suffered an injury. The skin above my right ankle was split open. The wound wasn't deep, but because I'd been drinking, the bleeding was frightful, and I made a frantic dash to the doctor's. The town doctor was a corpulent man of thirty-two who resembled Saigō Takamori. He was very drunk. When he wobbled into the consultation room in a condition that clearly rivaled mine, it struck me as hilarious, and as he treated my wound I began to giggle. The doctor soon joined in, and before long we were both laughing uncontrollably.

We were good friends from that night on. The doctor preferred philosophy to literature, and since

I, too, felt more at ease with that subject, our discussions were always lively. The doctor's view of the world was one that might best be described as a primitive sort of dualism. He saw in all worldly matters manifestations of the struggle between Good and Evil, and this allowed him to explain everything in admirably clear and concise terms. Even as I inwardly strove to maintain my monotheistic belief in the deity we call Love, the doctor's expositions of his theory were like breaths of cool, fresh air, briefly dispelling the gloom in my heart. One of his illustrations, for example—that he himself, who called to his wife to bring beer directly I visited them at night, was Good, whereas his wife, who would smilingly suggest that tonight, instead of drinking beer, we play bridge, was a true representative of Evil—struck me as flawless, and I had to concur. The doctor's wife, though small and plain, was fair of skin and had an air of elegant refinement. They had no children, but the wife's younger brother—a quiet, serious youth who attended a commercial school in Numazu—lived upstairs.

Five different newspapers were delivered to the doctor's house, and in order to read these I would drop by for thirty minutes or an hour almost every day during my morning walk. I would come in through the back gate and circle around to the

veranda outside the drawing room, where I'd sip the cold barley tea the wife brought me and read, holding the newspaper down firmly with my free hand as it flapped noisily in the breeze. Not more than ten or twelve feet from the veranda, an ample little stream flowed lazily through the edge of a green meadow, and along the narrow lane that bordered the stream, a boy who delivered milk would pass on his bicycle and invariably call out "Good morning!" to me, the stranger from out of town. At about the same hour, a young woman would sometimes come to the doctor's house for medicine. There was always something refreshingly clean and healthy about her, in her light summer dress and *geta* clogs, and I would often hear her and the doctor talking and laughing together in the consultation room. Occasionally, however, the doctor would accompany her to the door as she left and call out after her in a scolding tone of voice, "It's only a question of persevering a little bit longer, young lady!"

The doctor's wife explained it all to me one day. The woman was married to a primary school teacher who'd developed a lung problem some three years before and whose condition had just recently begun to show marked improvement. The doctor had spared no effort in making it clear to the young wife, however, that certain things were still

strictly forbidden, reminding her that now was a crucial time in her husband's convalescence. She faithfully obeyed his commands, but there were, nonetheless, times when one look at her would be enough to move anyone to pity. It was then that the doctor would steel his heart and scold her, saying it was only a question of a little more perseverance, the implicit meaning of which was obvious to them both.

One day near the end of August, I witnessed something beautiful. I was sitting on the veranda that morning, reading the newspaper, when the doctor's wife, who sat nearby with her feet tucked up beside her, whispered, "Ah! She looks happy, doesn't she?"

I glanced up and saw a radiant figure in a light summer dress walking briskly along the narrow lane before us, her clogs scarcely seeming to touch the earth, her white parasol spinning round and round.

"The ban was lifted this morning," the doctor's wife whispered again.

Three years, I thought, and a wave of emotion swept through me. As time goes by, the image of that young woman at that moment is something I've come to think of as ever more beautiful. And that, for all I know, may be just as the doctor's wife meant it to be.

One Hundred Views of Mount Fuji

The slopes of Hiroshige's Mount Fuji converge at an angle of eighty-five degrees, and those in Bunchō's paintings at about eighty-four degrees, but if one makes vertical cross sections based on survey maps drawn by the army, one finds that the angle formed by the eastern and western slopes is one hundred twenty-four degrees, and that formed by the northern and southern slopes is one hundred seventeen. And it's not only Hiroshige and Bunchō—most paintings of Fuji, in fact, depict the slopes meeting at an acute angle, the summit slender, lofty, delicate. Some of Hokusai's renditions even resemble the Eiffel Tower, peaking at nearly thirty degrees. But the real Fuji is unmistakably obtuse, with long, leisurely slopes; by no means do one hundred twenty-four degrees east–west and one hundred seventeen north–south make for a very steep mountain. If I were living in India, for example, and were suddenly snatched up and

carried off by an eagle and dropped on the beach at Numazu in Japan, I doubt if I'd be very much impressed at the sight of this mountain. Japan's "Fujiyama" is "wonderful" to foreigners simply because they've heard so much about it and yearned so long to see it; but how much appeal would Fuji hold for one who has never been exposed to such popular propaganda, for one whose heart is simple and pure and free of preconceptions? It would, perhaps, strike that person as almost pathetic, as mountains go. It's short, really. In relation to the width of its base, quite short. Any mountain with a base that size should be at least half again as tall.

The only time Fuji looked really tall to me was when I saw it from Jukkoku Pass. That was good. At first, because it was cloudy, I couldn't see the top, but I judged from the angle of the lower slopes and picked out a spot amid the clouds where I thought the peak probably was, only to find, when the sky began to clear, that I was way off. The bluish summit loomed up twice as high as I'd expected. I was not so much surprised as strangely tickled, and I cackled with laughter. I had to hand it to Fuji that time. When you come face to face with absolute reliability, you tend, first of all, to burst into silly laughter. You just come all undone. It's like—this is a funny way to put it, I know, but it's like being moved to guffaws by loosening your

sash. Young men, if ever the one you love bursts out laughing the moment she sees you, you are to be congratulated. By no means must you reproach her. She has merely been overwhelmed by the absolute reliability she senses in you.

Fuji from the window of an apartment in Tokyo is a painful sight. In winter it's quite clear and distinct. That small white triangle poking up over the horizon: that's Fuji. It's nothing; it's a Christmas candy. What's more, it lists pathetically to the left, like a battleship slowly beginning to founder, stern first. It was during the winter three years ago that a certain person caught me off guard with a shocking confession. I was at my wit's end. That night I sat alone in one room of my apartment, guzzling saké. I drank all night, without sleeping a wink. At dawn I went to relieve myself, and through the wire mesh screen covering the square window in the toilet I could see Fuji. Small, pure white, leaning slightly to the left: that's one Fuji I'll never forget. On the asphalt street below the window, a fishmonger sped by on his bicycle, muttering to himself ("My, Fuji's sure clear this morning... Damn, it's cold..."), and I stood in the dark little room, stroking the mesh screen and weeping with despair. That's an experience the like of which I hope never to go through again.

In the early autumn of 1938, determined to

only result was that I looked even more bizarre. I'll never forget how Mr. Ibuse, a person who would never stoop to belittling someone's appearance, eyed me with a compassionate air and tried to console me by muttering something about it not becoming a man, after all, to concern himself very much with fashion.

At any rate, we eventually reached the top. No sooner had we done so than a thick fog rolled over us, and even standing on the observation platform at the edge of the cliff provided us with no view whatsoever. We couldn't see a thing. Enveloped in that dense fog, Mr. Ibuse sat down on a rock, puffed slowly at a cigarette, and broke wind. He looked decidedly out of sorts. On the observation platform were three teahouses. We chose one that was run by an elderly couple and had a cup of hot green tea. The old woman felt sorry for us and said what a stroke of bad luck the fog was, that it would surely clear before long, that normally you could see Fuji right there, looming up before you, clear as anything. She then retrieved a large photograph of the mountain from the interior of the teahouse and carried it to the edge of the cliff, held it high in both hands, and earnestly explained that you could generally see Fuji just here, just like this, this big and this clear. We sipped at the coarse tea, admiring the photo and laughing. That was a fine Fuji in-

deed. We ended up not even regretting the impenetrable fog.

It was, I believe, two days later that Mr. Ibuse left Misaka Pass, and I accompanied him as far as Kōfu. In Kōfu I was to be introduced to a certain young lady whom Mr. Ibuse had suggested I marry. Mr. Ibuse was dressed casually, in his hiking clothes. I wore a kimono and a thin summer coat secured with my narrow sash. He led me to the young lady's house on the outskirts of the city. A profusion of roses grew in the garden. The young lady's mother showed us into the parlor, where we exchanged greetings, and after a while the girl came in. I didn't look at her face. Mr. Ibuse and the mother were carrying on a desultory, grown-up conversation when, suddenly, he fixed his eye on the wall above and behind me and muttered, "Ah, Fuji." I twisted around and looked up at the wall. Hanging there was a framed aerial photograph of the great crater atop the mountain. It resembled a pure white waterlily. After studying the photo, I slowly twisted back to my original position and glanced fleetingly at the girl. That did it. I made up my mind then and there that, though it might entail a certain amount of difficulty, I wanted to marry this girl. That was a Fuji I was grateful for.

Mr. Ibuse returned to Tokyo that day, and I went back to Misaka Pass. Throughout September,

October, and the first fifteen days of November I stayed on the second floor of the teahouse, pushing ahead with my work a little at a time and trying to come to terms with that Great View of Fuji until it all but did me in.

I had a good laugh one day. A friend of mine, a member of the "Japan Romantic Movement" who was then lecturing at a university or something, dropped by the teahouse during a hiking excursion, and the two of us stepped into the corridor on the second floor to smoke and poke fun at the view of Fuji we had out the windows there.

"Awfully crass, isn't it? It's like, 'Ah, Honorable Mount Fuji.' "

"I know. It's embarrassing to look at."

"Say, what's that?" my friend said suddenly, gesturing with his chin. "That fellow dressed up like a monk."

A small man of about fifty, wearing a ragged black robe and dragging a long staff, was climbing toward the pass, turning time and again to gaze up at Fuji.

"It reminds you of that painting, *Priest Saigyō Admiring Mount Fuji*, doesn't it? The fellow has a lot of style," I said. To me the monk seemed a poignant evocation of the past. "He might be some great saint or something."

"Don't be absurd," my friend said with cold detachment. "He's a common beggar."

"No, no. There's something special about him. Look how he walks—he's got style, I tell you. You know, they say the priest Nōin used to write poems praising Fuji right here on this pass, and—"

I was interrupted by my friend's laughter. "Ha! Look at that. You call that 'having style'?"

Hachi, my hosts' pet dog, had begun to bark at Nōin, throwing him into a panic. The scene that ensued was painfully ludicrous.

"I guess you're right," I said, crestfallen.

The beggar's panic increased until he began to flounder disgracefully about, threw away his staff, and finally ran for dear life. It was true, he had no style at all. Our priest was as crass as his Fuji, we decided, and even now, thinking back on that scene, it strikes me as laughable.

A courteous and affable young man of twenty-five named Nitta, who worked in the post office in the long, narrow town of Yoshida that lies at the base of the mountains below the pass and who said he'd learned where I was by seeing mail addressed to me, came to visit me at the teahouse. After we'd talked in my room for a while and had begun to feel at ease with each other, he smiled and said, "Actually, I was going to come with two or three of my

friends, but at the last moment they all pulled out, and, well, I read something by Satō Haruo that said you were terribly decadent and dissolute, so I could hardly force them to come. I had no idea you'd be such a serious and personable gentleman. Next time I'll bring them. If it's all right with you, of course."

"It's all right, sure." I forced a smile. "But let me get this straight. You came here on a sort of reconnaisance mission on behalf of your friends, summoning up every ounce of courage you could muster, is that it?"

"A one-man suicide corps," Nitta candidly replied. "I read Satō's piece again last night and resigned myself to various possible fates."

I was looking at Fuji through the window. Fuji stood there impassive and silent. I was impressed.

"Not bad, eh? There's something to be said for Fuji after all. It knows what it's doing." It occurred to me that I was no match for Fuji. I was ashamed of my own fickle, constantly shifting feelings of love and hatred. Fuji was impressive. Fuji knew what it was doing.

"It knows what it's doing?" Nitta seemed to find my words odd. He smiled sagaciously.

Whenever Nitta came to visit me from then on, he brought various other youths with him. They were all quiet types. They called me "*Sensei*," and I accepted that with a straight face. I have nothing

worth boasting about. No learning to speak of. No talent. My body's a mess, my heart impoverished. Only the fact that I've known suffering, enough suffering to feel qualified to let these youths call me "*Sensei*" without protesting—that's all I have, the only straw of pride I can cling to. But it's one I'll never let go of. A lot of people have written me off as a spoiled, selfish child, but how many really know how I've suffered inside?

Nitta and a youth named Tanabe, who was skilled at composing *tanka* poems, were readers of Mr. Ibuse's work, and perhaps it was because of this that they were the ones I felt most comfortable with and became closest to. They took me to Yoshida once. It was a appallingly long and narrow town, and the sense of being overborne by a mountain dominated the place. Cut off from the sun and wind by Fuji, it was dark and chilly and not unlike the meandering, spindly stem of a light-starved plant. Streams flowed alongside the streets. This is characteristic, apparently, of towns at the foot of mountains; in Mishima, too, steadily flowing streams are everywhere, and people there sincerely believe that the water comes from the snows melting on Fuji. Yoshida's streams are shallower and narrower than those in Mishima, and the water is dirtier. I was looking down at one of them as I spoke.

"There's a story by Maupassant about a maiden somewhere who swims across a river each night to meet some young scion of the nobility, but I wonder what she did about her clothes. Surely she wouldn't have gone to meet him in the nude?"

"No, surely not." The young men thought it over. "Maybe she had a bathing suit."

"Do you suppose she might've piled her clothes on top of her head and tied them down before she started swimming?"

The youths laughed.

"Or maybe she swam in her clothes, and when she met the scion she'd be soaking wet, and they'd sit by the stove till she dried. But then what would she do on the way back? She'd have to get the clothes all wet again swimming home. I worry about her. I don't see why the young nobleman doesn't do the swimming. A man can swim in just a pair of shorts without looking too ridiculous. Do you suppose the scion was one of those people who swim like a stone?"

"No," Nitta said earnestly. "I think it was just that the maiden was more in love than he was."

"You may be right. The maidens in foreign stories are cute like that—very daring. I mean, if they love somebody, they'll even swim across a river to meet him. You won't see that in Japan. Just think of . . . What was the title of that play? In the

middle there's a river, and on one bank stands a man and on the other a princess, and they spend the whole play weeping and moaning. There's no need for the princess to carry on like that. Why doesn't she just swim to the other side? When you see it on stage, it's a very narrow river—she could probably wade across. All that crying is pointless. She won't get any sympathy from me. Now, in that story about Asagao it's the Ōi River—that's a big river—and Asagao is blind, so you feel for her to some extent, but, even so, it's not as if it'd be impossible for her to swim across. Hanging on to some piling beside the river, ranting and blaming it all on the sun—what good is that going to do? Ah, wait a minute. There was one daring maiden in Japan. She was something. You know who I mean?"

"Who?" The young men's eyes lit up.

"Young Lady Kiyo. She swam the Hidaka River, chasing after the monk Anchin. Swam like hell. She was something, I tell you, and according to a book I read she was only fourteen at the time."

We walked along the road chattering drivel like this until we came to a quiet old inn on the outskirts of town that was apparently run by an acquaintance of Tanabe's.

We drank there, and Fuji was good that night. At about ten o'clock, the youths left me at the inn and returned to their homes. Rather than going to

sleep, I walked outside in my *dotera*. The moon was astonishingly bright. Fuji was good. Bathed in moonlight, it was a nearly translucent blue. I felt as if I'd fallen under the spell of a sorcerer fox. Such a sparkling, vivid blue. Like phosphorus burning. Will-o'-the-wisp. Foxfire. Fireflies. Eulalia. Kuzu-no-Ha, the white fox in human form. I followed the road, walking a perfectly straight line, though unaware of having legs. There was only the sound of my *geta*—a sound that had nothing to do with me but was, rather, like a separate living thing—reverberating with exceptional clarity: *clatter*, *clop*, *clatter*, *clop*. Stealthily I turned to look back. Fuji was there, burning blue and floating in space. I sighed. A valiant Meiji Royalist. Kurama Tengu. That's how I saw myself. I rather cockily thrust my hands in my pockets and walked on, convinced that I was an awfully dashing fellow. I walked quite a long way. I lost my coin purse. It held about twenty silver fifty-sen pieces—it was heavy and must have slipped out of my pocket. I was strangely indifferent. If my money was gone, all I had to do was walk to Misaka Pass. I kept walking. At some point, though, it occurred to me that if I retraced my steps I'd find my purse. Hands in pockets, I ambled back the way I'd come. Fuji. The Meiji Royalist. A lost coin purse. It all made, I thought, for a fascinating romance. My purse lay glittering in

the middle of the road. Of course; where else would it be? I picked it up, returned to the inn, and went to bed.

I'd been bewitched by Fuji that night, transformed into a simpleton, a mooncalf, completely without a will of my own. Even now, recalling it all leaves me feeling peculiarly weary and languid.

I stayed in Yoshida just one night. When I got back to Misaka Pass, the woman who ran the place was all knowing smiles, and her fifteen-year-old daughter was standoffish. I found myself wanting to assure them I'd been up to nothing naughty, and, though they asked me no questions, I related in detail my experiences of the previous day. I told them everything—the name of the inn I'd stayed at, how Yoshida's saké tasted, how Fuji looked in the moonlight, how I dropped my purse. The daughter seemed appeased.

"Get up and look, sir!" One morning not long afterwards, this same girl stood outside the teahouse shouting up to me in a shrill voice, and I grudgingly got up and stepped out into the corridor.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement. She said nothing, only pointed toward the sky. I looked, and—ah!—snow. Snow had fallen on Fuji. The summit was a pure and radiant white. Not even the Fuji from Misaka Pass is to be scoffed at, I thought.

"Looks good," I said.

"Isn't it superb?" she said, triumphantly selecting a better word. She squatted down on her heels and said, "Do you still think Misaka's Fuji is hopeless?"

I'd often lectured the girl to the effect that this Fuji was hopelessly vulgar, and perhaps she'd taken it more to heart than I'd realized.

"Let's face it," I said, amending my teaching with a grave countenance. "Fuji is just no good without snow."

In my *dotera* I walked about the mountainside filling both my hands with evening primrose seeds, which I brought back to the teahouse and scattered in the back yard.

"Now, listen," I said to the girl, "these are my evening primroses, and I'm coming back next year to see them, so I don't want you throwing out your laundry water and whatnot here." She nodded.

I'd chosen this particular flower because a certain incident had convinced me that Fuji goes well with evening primroses. The teahouse at Misaka Pass is what one might call remote, so much so that mail isn't even delivered there. Thirty minutes' bouncing and swaying on a bus brings you to the foot of the pass and Kawaguchi, a poor little village if ever there was one, on the shore of Lake Kawaguchi; it was at the post office here that my mail was held for me, and once every three days or so I had to make

the journey to pick it up. I tried to choose days when the weather was good. The girl conductors on the buses don't offer the sightseers aboard much in the way of information about the scenery. But once in a while, almost as an afterthought, in listless near-mumble, one of them will come out with something dreadfully prosaic like: "That's Mount Mitsutoge; over there is Lake Kawaguchi; fresh-water smelt inhabit the lake."

Having claimed my mail one day, I was riding the bus back to Misaka Pass, sitting next to a woman of about sixty who wore a dark brown coat over her kimono, whose face was pale and nicely featured, and who looked a lot like my mother, when the girl conductor suddenly said, as if it had just occurred to her, "Ladies and gentlemen, you can certainly see Fuji clearly today, can't you?" (words that amounted to neither information nor spontaneous exclamation), and all the passengers—among them young salaried workers with rucksacks, and silk-clad geisha types with hair piled high in the traditional style and handkerchiefs pressed fastidiously to their lips—simultaneously twisted in their seats and craned their necks to gaze out the windows at that commonplace triangle of a mountain as if seeing it for the first time and to ooh and ah like idiots, briefly filling the bus with a buzzing commotion. Unlike all the other passengers, however, the elder-

ly person next to me, looking as though she harbored some deep anguish in her heart, didn't so much as glance at Fuji. Instead she stared out the window at the cliff that bordered the road. Observing this, I felt a sense of almost benumbing pleasure and a desire to show her that I, too, in my refined, nihilistic way, had no interest in ogling some vulgar mountain like Fuji, and that, though she wasn't asking me to, I sympathized with her and well understood her suffering and misery. As if hoping to receive the old woman's motherly affection and approval, I quietly sidled closer and sat gazing vacantly out at the cliff with her.

Perhaps she felt somehow at ease with me. "Ah! Evening primroses," she said absently, pointing a slender finger at a spot beside the road. The bus passed quickly on, but the petals of the single golden evening primrose I'd glimpsed remained vivid in my mind.

Facing up admirably to all 3,778 meters of Mount Fuji, not wavering in the least, erect and heroic—I feel almost tempted to say Herculean—that evening primrose was good. Fuji goes well with evening primroses.

Mid-October came and went, and I was still making very little progress with my work. I missed people. Sunset brought scarlet-rimmed clouds with undersides like the bellies of geese, and I stood

alone in the corridor on the second floor smoking cigarettes, intentionally not looking at Fuji, my eyes fixed instead on the autumn leaves of the mountain forests, crimson as dripping blood. I called to the proprietress of the teahouse, who was sweeping up fallen leaves in front.

"Good weather tomorrow, Missus!"

Even I was surprised by the shrillness of my voice; it sounded almost like a cry of joy. She rested her hands on the broom a moment and looked up at me dubiously, knitting her brow.

"Did you have something special planned for tomorrow?"

She had me there.

"No. Nothing."

She laughed. "You must be getting lonesome. Why don't you go mountain climbing or something?"

"Climb a mountain and you just have to come right back down again. It's so pointless. And whatever mountain you climb, what is there to see but the same old Mount Fuji? The heart grows heavy just thinking about it."

I suppose it was a strange thing to say. The proprietress merely nodded ambiguously and carried on sweeping the fallen leaves.

Before going to sleep I would quietly open the curtains in my room and look through the glass at Fu-

ji. On moonlit nights it was a pale, bluish white, standing there like the spirit of the rivers and lakes. I'd sigh. Ah, I can see Fuji. How big the stars are. Fine weather tomorrow, no doubt. These were the only glimmerings I had of the joy of being alive, and after quietly closing the curtains again I'd go to bed and reflect that, yes, the weather would be fine tomorrow—but so what? What did that have to do with me? It would strike me as so absurd that I'd end up chuckling wryly to myself as I lay in my futon.

It was excruciating. My work...Not so much the torment of purely dragging pen over paper (not that at all in fact, since the writing itself is actually something I take pleasure in), but the interminable wavering and agonizing over my view of the world, and what we call art, and the literature of tomorrow, the search for something new, if you will—questions like these left me quite literally writhing in anguish.

To take what is simple and natural—and therefore succinct and lucid—to snatch hold of that and transfer it directly to paper, was, it seemed to me, everything, and that thought sometimes allowed me to see the figure of Fuji in a different light. Perhaps, I would think, that shape was in fact a manifestation of the beauty of what I like to think of as "elemental expression." Thus I'd find myself on the verge of coming to an understanding with

this Fuji, only to reflect that, no, there was something about it, something in its exceedingly cylindrical simplicity that was too much for me, that if this Fuji was worthy of praise, then so were figurines of the Laughing Buddha—and I find figurines of the Laughing Buddha insufferable, certainly not what anyone could call expressive. And the figure of this Fuji, too, was somehow mistaken, somehow wrong, I would think, and once again I'd be back where I started, confused.

Mornings and evenings gazing at Fuji: that's how I spent the cheerless days. In late October, a group of prostitutes from Yoshida, on what, for all I knew, may have been their only day of freedom in the year, arrived at Misaka Pass in five automobiles. I watched them from the second floor. In a flurry of colors, the girls fluttered out of the cars like carrier pigeons dumped out of baskets, and, not knowing at first in which direction to head, flocked together, fidgeting and jostling one another in silence, until at last their quaint nervousness began to dissipate, and one by one they wandered off their separate ways. Some meekly chose picture postcards from a rack at the front of the teahouse; others stood gazing at Fuji. It was a dismal and all but unwatchable scene. Though I, a solitary man on the second floor, might feel for those girls to the extent that I'd be willing to die for

them, there was nothing I could offer them in the way of happiness. All I could do was look helplessly on. Those who suffer shall suffer. Those who fall shall fall. It had nothing to do with me, that was just the way the world was. Thus I forced myself to affect indifference as I gazed down at them, but it was still rather painful.

Let's appeal to Fuji. The idea came to me suddenly. Say, Fuji, look out for these girls, will you? Inwardly muttering the words, I turned my gaze on the mountain, standing tall and impassive against the wintry sky and looking for all the world like the Big Boss, squared off in an arrogant pose, hands stuffed deep in *dotera* pockets. Greatly relieved, I forsook the band of courtesans and set out in a lighthearted mood for the tunnel down the road with the six-year-old boy from the teahouse and the shaggy dog, Hachi. Near the entrance to the tunnel, a skinny prostitute of about thirty stood by herself silently gathering a bouquet of some dreary sort of wildflowers. She didn't so much as turn to glance at us as we passed but continued picking the flowers absorbedly. Look after this one, too, I prayed, casting an eye back at Fuji and pulling the little boy along by his hand as I walked briskly into the tunnel. Reminding myself it all had nothing to do with me, I strode resolutely on as the cold water that

seeped through the roof dripped down on my cheeks and the back of my neck.

It was at about that time that my wedding plans met with a serious hitch. I was given to understand, in no uncertain terms, that my family had no intention of lending their assistance. Once married, I fully intended to support my household with my writing, but I had selfishly assumed that my family would, at this juncture, come to my aid to the tune of at least a hundred yen or so, allowing me to have a dignified, if modest, wedding ceremony. After an exchange of two or three letters, however, it became clear that this would not be the case, and I was thoroughly at a loss as to what to do. Having come to terms with the fact that, as things stood, it was entirely possible that the young lady's side would call the whole thing off, I decided there was nothing for it but to make a clean breast of everything, and came down from the mountain alone to call at the house in Kōfu. I was shown into the parlor, where I sat facing the girl and her mother and told them all. At times I sounded, disconcertingly enough, as if I were reciting a speech. But I thought I at least managed to describe the situation in a relatively straightforward and honest manner.

The girl remained calm. "Does that mean your

family is opposed to the idea?" she asked, tilting her head to one side.

"No, it's not that they're opposed." I pressed softly down on the table with the palm of my right hand. "It's more like they're saying, 'Do it yourself.' "

"Then there's no problem." The mother smiled graciously. "As you can see, we're not wealthy ourselves. An extravagant ceremony would only make us feel awkward. As long as you have real affection for her and you're serious about your work, that's all we ask."

Forgetting even to bow my head in reply, I gazed speechlessly out at the garden for some time. My eyes felt hot. I told myself I'd make this woman a devoted and dutiful son-in-law.

When I left, the girl accompanied me as far as the bus stop. As we walked along, I said, "Well, what do you think? Shall we continue the relationship a while longer?" Sheer affectation.

"No," she said, laughing, "I've had enough."

"Aren't there any questions you want to ask me?" I said, putting to rest any lingering doubts as to my imbecility.

"Yes."

I was resolved to answer with the plain truth any question she might choose to ask.

"Has snow fallen on Mount Fuji yet?"

That threw me.

"Yes, it has. On the summit. . ." My words trailed off as I glanced up and spotted Fuji before us. It gave me an odd feeling. "What the hell? You can see Fuji from Kōfu. You trying to make a fool of me?" I was suddenly speaking like a thug. "That was a stupid question. What kind of fool do you take me for?"

The girl looked down at the ground and giggled. "But you're staying at Misaka Pass, so I thought it wouldn't do not to ask about Fuji."

What a strange girl, I thought.

When I got back from Kōfu, I found that my shoulders were so stiff I could hardly breathe.

"You know, you're lucky, Missus. Misaka Pass is a pretty good place after all. It's like coming back home."

After dinner, the proprietress and her daughter took turns pounding on my shoulders. The woman's fists were hard and penetrating, but the daughter's were soft and had little effect. Harder, harder, I kept saying, until at last she got a stick of firewood and whacked on my shoulders with that. That's what it took to relieve the tension, so keyed up and intent on my purpose had I been in Kōfu.

For two or three days after that I was distracted and had little will to work; I sat at my desk and

scribbled aimlessly, smoked seven or eight packs of Golden Bat cigarettes, lay around doing nothing, sang "Even a Diamond, Unpolished" to myself over and over, and didn't write so much as a page of the novel I'd been working on.

"You haven't been doing so well since you went to Kōfu, have you, sir?" One morning as I sat at the desk with my chin propped up on my hand, my eyes closed, turning all sorts of things over in my mind, the fifteen-year-old daughter, who was wiping the floor in the alcove behind me, said these words with a tone of sincere regret, and a touch of bitterness.

Without turning to look at her, I said, "Is that so? I haven't been doing so well, eh?"

"No, you haven't," she said, still wiping the floor. "The last two or three days you haven't got any work done at all, have you? Every morning, you know, I gather up all the pages you've written and left lying around, and put them in order. I really enjoy doing that, and I'm glad when you've written a lot. I came up here last night to peek in and see how you were doing—did you know that? You were lying in your futon with the quilt pulled up over your head."

I was grateful to her for those words. This may be overstating it a bit, but to me her concern seemed the purest form of support and encouragement for

one making every effort to go on living. She expected nothing in return. I thought her quite beautiful.

By the end of October, the autumn leaves had become dark and ugly, and then an overnight storm came along and left nothing behind but a bare, black, winter forest. Sightseers were few and far between now. Business dropped off, and occasionally the proprietress would go shopping in Funazu or Yoshida at the foot of the mountain, taking the six-year-old boy with her and leaving the daughter and myself alone for the day in the quiet, deserted teahouse. On one such day I began to feel the tedium of sitting alone on the second floor and went outside for a stroll. I saw the daughter in the back yard, washing clothes, went up to her, flashed a smile, and said in a loud voice, "I'm so bored!" She hung her head, and when I peered at her face I got a start. She was crying and obviously terrified. Right, I thought, doing a grim about-face and stomping off along a narrow, leaf-covered path. I felt perfectly miserable.

I was careful from then on. Whenever the girl and I were alone in the place, I tried to stay in my room on the second floor. If a customer came, I would lumber downstairs, partially with the intention of watching out for the daughter, and sit in one corner of the shop drinking tea. One day a

bride, escorted by two elderly men in crested ceremonial kimono and *haori*, arrived in a hired automobile. The daughter was alone in the shop, so I came downstairs, sat in a chair in one corner, and smoked a cigarette. The bride was decked out in full wedding regalia: long kimono with an elaborate design on the skirt, *obi* sash of gold brocade, and white wedding hood. Not knowing how to receive such singular guests, the daughter, after pouring tea for the three of them, retreated to my corner as if to hide behind me and stared silently at the bride. A day that comes but once in a lifetime...No doubt the bride was from the other side of the mountain, on her way to be married to someone in Funazu or Yoshida, and had decided to rest at the top of the pass and look at Fuji. It made for a scene that, even to a casual observer, was titillatingly romantic. In a little while the bride rose and quietly left the shop to stand near the edge of the cliff and leisurely take in the view. She stood with her legs crossed—a bold pose. Awfully sure of herself, I was thinking, admiring her, Fuji and her, when suddenly she looked up at the summit and gave a great yawn.

"My!" Behind me, a small cry showed that the daughter, too, had been quick to notice. Before long the bride got back in the waiting car with her escorts and left, to scathing reviews.

"She's *used* to this, the hussy. Must be her sec-

ond, no, at least her third time. The groom's down at the foot of the mountain waiting for her, no doubt, but she has them stop the car and gets out to look at Fuji. Don't tell me a girl getting married for the first time would have the nerve to do that."

"She yawned!" the daughter eagerly concurred. "Stretching open that big mouth of hers...She ought to be ashamed of herself. Whatever you do, you mustn't marry anyone like that, sir."

It hardly befitted a man of my years, but I blushed. My own wedding plans were progressing smoothly, thanks to a certain mentor of mine who was taking care of everything. The ceremony, a dignified if meager affair with only two or three close family friends attending, was to be held at this man's house, and I, for my part, felt almost like a child inspired and encouraged by the affection of others.

Once November arrived, the cold at Misaka became hard to bear. A stove was set up downstairs.

"You must be freezing on the second floor. Why don't you work down here, beside the stove?" the lady of the house suggested, but I find it impossible to work with people watching me, and declined. She continued to worry about me, however, and one day she went to Yoshida and came back with a *kotatsu* for my room. Snuggling beneath the

coverlet of that little footwarmer, I felt grateful from the bottom of my heart for the kindness of these people. But gazing at Fuji, which was already covered with two-thirds its full winter cap of snow, and the desolate trees on the nearer mountains, I began to see the meaninglessness of enduring much more of the penetrating cold of Misaka and decided it was time to head for the lowlands. The day before I left, I was sitting on a chair in the shop wearing two *dotera*, one over the other, and sipping cheap green tea, when a pair of intellectual-looking young women in winter overcoats—typists, I guessed—approached on foot from the direction of the tunnel. Shrieking with laughter about one thing or another, they suddenly caught sight of Fuji and stopped as dead in their tracks as if they'd been shot. After consulting each other in whispers, one of them, a fair-skinned girl wearing glasses, came up to me with a smile on her face and said, "Excuse me, would you snap a photo of us, please?"

This flustered me. I'm not very good with gadgets, and I haven't the least interest in photography. What's more, I presented such a squalid figure in those two *dotera* that even my hosts at the teahouse had laughed and said I looked a proper mountain bandit, so I was thrown into quite a panic to be asked to perform such a fashionable act by those two gay flowers from (I presumed) Tokyo.

But then, rethinking the situation, it occurred to me that even as shabbily dressed as I was, a discerning observer might easily detect in me a certain sensitivity and sophistication that would indicate at least sufficient dexterity to manipulate the shutter of a camera, and, buoyed up by this reflection, I feigned nonchalance as I took the instrument, casually asked for a brief explanation of how to work it, and peered into the view finder, inwardly all a-tremble. In the middle of the lens stood Fuji, large and imposing, and below, in the foreground, were two little poppies—or so the girls appeared in their red overcoats. They put their arms around each other and looked at the camera with sober, solemn expressions. It all struck me as very funny, and my hands shook hopelessly. Suppressing my laughter, I peered through the finder again, and the two poppies grew even more rigid and demure. I was having a difficult time aiming and finally swept the two girls out of the picture entirely, allowing Fuji, and Fuji alone, to fill the lens. Goodbye, Mount Fuji. Thanks for everything. *Click.*

"Got it."

"Thank you!" they said in unison. They'd be surprised when they got back home and had the film developed: only Fuji filling the frame, and not a trace of themselves.

The next day I came down from Misaka Pass. I

stayed the first night at a cheap inn in Kōfu, and the following morning I leaned against the battered railing that ran along the corridor there, looking up at Fuji, about one-third of which was visible behind the surrounding mountains. It looked like a Chinese lantern plant.

Schoolgirl

Waking up in the morning is such a funny feeling. Like when I'm playing hide-and-seek with Deko-chan and hiding in some pitch-dark closet, crouching down, keeping perfectly still, and suddenly she slides open the door with a clatter and yells "Gotcha!" and the sunlight comes pouring in, and it's so bright, and I feel so self-conscious in a strange sort of way, and my heart is pounding, and I adjust the front of my kimono and come out of the closet, a little embarrassed at first and then, suddenly, angry at being discovered—it's like that.

Or, no, it's not like that, really, it's a different feeling, worse somehow, and harder to bear. You open a box and inside there's another, smaller box, and you open the smaller box and inside that is a still smaller box, and you open that one and there's an even smaller one, and you open that and there's another one, and so on till you've opened seven or eight boxes and finally there's a tiny box about the

size of a dice, and you hold your breath and open that one and look inside and—there's nothing, it's empty. That feeling is close. People talk about suddenly coming awake, their eyes popping open, but that's a lie. It's like the top layer of some cloudy, cloudy liquid that slowly begins to clear as the particles of starch or whatever settle to the bottom, until finally you open your eyes, exhausted.

Morning is so—I don't know—so bleak. All these sad feelings, lots and lots of them, come floating up into your heart, and it's just unbearable. I hate it, I just hate it. I'm at my ugliest in the morning. My legs are tired and worn out, and I don't feel like doing anything. Maybe it's because I'm not sleeping soundly enough. They say morning is the healthiest time, but that's a lie, too. Morning is gray. It's always, always the same. It's the emptiest, nothingest time. Lying in bed in the morning, I always feel so pessimistic. It's awful. All sorts of ugly regrets are balled up together like some great lump in my breast, and all I can do is lie there, squirming.

Morning is mean.

"Father?" I call out to him softly, feeling silly in an odd sort of way, but glad, and I get up and quickly fold my futon. As I lift it to put it away, I hear myself go "Oof!" and think, *What?* I've never thought of myself as the type of girl who'd come out

with something like "oof." It's disgusting, like something your grandmother would say. What made me say that, I wonder. It's creepy. It's as if there's an old lady somewhere inside me. I'll have to watch myself from now on. It's like when you look down on someone for walking in a vulgar way, and then you suddenly realize that *you're* walking that way, too. Really depressing.

I never have any self-confidence in the morning. I sit down before the mirror in my nightgown. When I look at myself in the mirror without putting on my glasses, my face is blurry, soft, gentle. My glasses are what I hate most about my face, but there's one good thing about wearing glasses that other people don't realize. I like to take off my glasses and gaze into the distance. It's wonderful, all misty, like in a dream, or a children's peep show. You can't see anything disagreeable, only big things, only strong, vivid colors and light. I like to look at people with my glasses off, too. Everyone looks like they're wearing a gentle, lovely smile. And I never think of arguing with people or talking behind anyone's back when I don't have my glasses on. I just sit there with this vacant look on my face. I know people must think I'm awfully simple when I'm that way, but knowing that only makes me feel even more vacant, more secure, and I want to entrust myself to people, to have them look out for

me, and it's as though I myself have become very gentle and kindhearted.

But even so, I hate glasses. When I put them on, it's as if my face isn't a real face any more. All the things a face can reveal—romance, charm, intensity, vulnerability, naiveté, sadness—glasses block all those things out. And when you're wearing glasses, trying to "say things" with your eyes is so impossible it's ridiculous.

Glasses are goblins.

Maybe it's because I'm always thinking how much I hate my glasses, but it seems to me that beautiful eyes are the best thing a person can have. Even if someone has no nose, say, or you can't see her mouth, none of that matters if she has the type of eyes that make you think you must live a more noble life. My eyes are big, but that's all. If I sit and peer at my own eyes, it really gets me down. Even Mother says my eyes are dull. "Lifeless eyes"—this must be what they mean by that. Charcoal, that's what they remind me of, and it's awfully disheartening. I mean, just look at them. It's horrible. Every time I look in the mirror, I really wish that I could have "liquid eyes." Eyes like green pools in a green field, looking up at the sky, mirroring the clouds that float past, reflecting even the shadows of birds. I want to meet lots of people with beautiful eyes.

Today's the first day of May. When I realize that,

it makes me feel sort of bubbly. I can't help but be happy about it. I guess summer isn't far off now. I walk out into the garden, and the first thing I see are the flowers on the strawberry plants. The fact that Father is dead seems hard to believe. To die and no longer be here—that's something that's difficult to understand. It just doesn't sink in. I begin to miss my elder sister, and people I've parted with forever, and other people I haven't seen for a long time. Somehow morning always brings back the past—and people I used to know—in a way that's terribly real and close and wretched, like the smell of pickled radishes, and it's just too much for me, I can't stand it.

Japii and Kaa (poor Kaa!) come running up together. The two of them sit before me, and I pet Japii—only Japii—and give him lots of loving attention. Japii's white fur glistens beautifully in the sun. Kaa is filthy. I'm perfectly aware, as I pet Japii, that Kaa is sitting there looking like he's about to cry. And I haven't forgotten that he's crippled, either. Kaa is so sad, I hate him. I'm purposely mean to him because I can't stand how pitiful he is. Kaa looks like a stray, and there's no telling when the dog catcher might get him. With that leg of his, he probably wouldn't be able to run away fast enough. Why don't you go get lost in the mountains or something, Kaa? Nobody's ever going to give you

any love. Why don't you just hurry up and die?

It's not only Kaa I treat badly—I do bad things to people, too. I find it stimulating to make trouble for people. I'm really a horrid girl.

I sit down on the edge of the veranda, petting Japii's head, and as I look at the piercing green of the leaves in the garden I begin to feel miserable, like I just want to plop down on the ground. I wish I could cry. If I hold my breath and strain my eyes till they're all bloodshot, maybe I can shed a few tears. I try it, though, and nothing happens. Maybe I've already become a "tearless woman."

I give up and go back inside to start cleaning my room. As I'm sweeping the floor, I suddenly catch myself singing "The Barbarian's Sweetie, O-kichi." I stop and look around, as if to make sure no one is listening. It's funny that I, who am supposed to be so mad about Mozart and Bach, should unconsciously start singing a song like that. Going "oof!" as I lift my futon, singing "O-kichi" as I clean up my room—it makes me wonder if it's not all over for me. At this rate, who knows what sort of vulgar things I might say in my sleep? It worries me something awful. Still, it also strikes me as comical somehow, and I stop sweeping for a minute and laugh to myself.

I put on the new slip I finished sewing last night. I embroidered a small white rose on the breast. You

can't see it when I wear my top, and nobody else will know it's there. That puts me one up on everyone.

Mother's busy helping arrange a marriage for someone, and she left early this morning. Mother's always doing things for people, and has been ever since I was a little girl, so I'm used to it, but it really is amazing how she stays so constantly on the go. You have to admire her for it. Father was always engrossed in his studies, so Mother had to take care of all the day-to-day things for both of them. Father wasn't one for socializing and whatnot, but Mother knows how to bring really nice people together. They were very different types, Mother and Father, but I guess they had a lot of respect for each other. Yes, I suppose you'd say they were a flawless, lovely, tranquil couple. Ah, cheeky girl!

As I wait for the miso soup to heat up, I sit down in the kitchen doorway and gaze idly out at the thicket of trees in back. Then, suddenly, I have the feeling that long ago, and at some time in the future, too, I sat, will sit, in the kitchen doorway like this, in exactly the same position, thinking exactly the same things and looking at these trees. It's a strange feeling, as if the past, the present, and the future are all here in this one moment. This happens to me once in a while. For example, I'm sitting in my room talking to somebody. My eyes drift to

one corner of the table and stop there. Only my mouth keeps moving, and I have this weird illusion that at some time in the past I was in the same situation, talking about the same thing and looking at the same corner of the table, and that at some point in the future this exact same experience is going to happen to me again. Or I can be walking on some footpath way out in the country, and I'll be convinced that I've been there before. I'll pass by a bean plant and pluck off one of its leaves, and, sure enough, I'll feel that I've plucked this same leaf at this same spot sometime in the past. And I'll believe that in the future I'll walk along this path again, time and again, and pluck this leaf. Then there's this sort of thing: Once I was in the bathtub and glanced at my hands, and as I did so I was certain that one day, years later, I'd be in the bathtub and I'd remember this moment, looking casually at my hands, and the sensation it gave me. It was a depressing thought, somehow. And this sort of thing: One evening I was filling the rice tub, and I felt something—to call it inspiration would probably be going too far—but I felt something shoot through me like, what would you call it, I almost want to say "the first inkling of philosophy." Whatever it was, though, it left me feeling as if every dark recess of my heart and mind had become transparent, and I felt as if, I don't know, as if I

could just sort of ease through life with a gentle kind of calm, without saying a word, without making a sound, like jelly squeezing slowly out of a tube, soft and pliable, as if I could just drift through life forever, floating between the waves with a beautiful ease and lightness. Of course, it was nothing like philosophy at all. Having a premonition of going through life as silently as a cat stalking a meal—there's nothing admirable, or even decent, about that; it's horrifying, in fact. If you were to have that sort of feeling for very long, you might become possessed by the Spirit or something. Like Jesus Christ. But a female Christ? How repulsive.

Maybe what it comes down to is that since I have so much time on my hands and no real hardship in my life, I have no way to process all the impressions I get from the hundreds and thousands of things I see and hear every day, and later those impressions turn into phantoms and come floating back to haunt me.

Breakfast alone in the dining room. The first cucumber of the year. Summer comes from the green of cucumbers. In the green of May cucumbers there's something that leaves an empty feeling inside you, a prickly, ticklish sort of sadness, and as I'm eating alone in the dining room, I get this tremendous urge to go on a trip, to board a locomotive. Reading the newspaper, I see a photo

of Prime Minister Konoe. What's supposed to be so attractive about him, I wonder. I don't like this sort of face. It's that forehead of his. What I enjoy most in the newspaper are the advertisements for books. They must charge a hundred yen, two hundred yen, per word or line or whatever, and you can tell that the people who write them really have to rack their brains. Little literary gems, all of them, squeezed out by people sweating and groaning to find just the right word, the most effective phrase. There can't be many pieces of prose in the world that cost this much. It's a delight to read them, somehow. Very gratifying.

I finish breakfast, lock up the house, and set out for school. I know it's not going to rain, but I'm dying to carry the nice umbrella I got from Mother yesterday. Mother used it herself when she was a girl. I'm quite proud to have found such a prize. I'd like to stroll through the streets of Paris with this umbrella. I bet by the time the war is over, dreamy, old-fashioned umbrellas like this will be all the rage. A bonnet-type hat would go well with it. A long pink dress, open at the neck, long gloves of black silk lace, and beautiful purple violets on a wide-brimmed hat. Lunch at a Paris restaurant when the leaves are a rich, deep green. I'm sitting with my cheek resting on my hand, languidly watching the flow of people outside, when someone

softly taps me on the shoulder. Suddenly, music: "The Rose Waltz." Ah, what a joke. All that from one curious old umbrella with a long, thin handle. Poor, pitiful me—the Little Match Girl. I guess I'll just have to take it out on these weeds.

Pulling a few weeds from in front of our gate before I leave is my way of doing "labor service" for Mother. Who knows, maybe something good will happen today. I wonder why there are some weeds you want to pull out and some you want to leave alone. They're all weeds, they all look exactly the same, so why are they so different? Weeds that strike you as darling and weeds that don't; lovely weeds and hateful weeds—why are they so clearly divided? There's no logic to it, of course. A woman's likes and dislikes are just so random and haphazard.

After ten minutes of labor service, I hurry off to the station. Walking along the road between the fields, I keep thinking how I'd like to stop and sketch. I take a little path through the woods around the shrine, a shortcut I discovered all by myself. Glancing down at the ground as I walk, I notice little clumps of barley, about two inches high. Looking at those vivid green clusters, I think, ah, the soldiers have passed through here again. Last year a big group of soldiers came by with their horses and rested awhile in these woods, and then

when I passed by here some time later, the barley that spilled from the horses' feed buckets had sprouted, just like today. But the plants never did get any bigger. This year, too, since the sun can't reach them in this dark place, these skinny little sprouts will probably die, poor things, without getting any taller.

Leaving the shrine woods, near the station now, I find myself walking behind four or five laborers. As usual, they say horrid, unrepeatable things to me. I don't know what to do. I'd like to pass them and leave them behind, but to do so I'd have to thread my way between them. I'm afraid to do that, and it would take even more courage to just stand here and let them go on till they're way ahead of me. That would be rude, and they might get angry. I'm all hot and flushed, and I feel like crying. But I'm so ashamed about feeling like that that I just give the men a little smile and keep walking slowly along behind them. Nothing more happens, but the vexation I feel stays with me even after I've boarded the train. I hope it won't be long before I'm strong enough, and noble enough, not to be bothered by things like this.

There's an empty seat right near the door of the train, so I put my things there while I straighten out the pleats of my skirt a bit, and I'm just about to sit

down when a man with glasses pushes my things aside and takes the seat.

"Excuse me, but I found that seat first," I say, but he just grins wryly and begins reading his newspaper with an air of complete indifference. Come to think of it, though, it's hard to say which of us is more brazen. Maybe I'm the brazen one.

There's nothing for it but to put my umbrella and other things up on the baggage rack and hang onto the hand strap. I take out a magazine, as usual, and begin flipping through the pages with one hand, and as I do a funny thought occurs to me.

If I, lacking experiences of my own to draw on, were to be deprived of reading, I'd probably just sit down and cry. That's how dependent I am on books and magazines. I'll start to read a book and become completely engrossed in it, rely on it, adapt to it, identify with it, and try to apply it to my own life. Then I'll read a different book, and before I know it I've made a complete turnabout. The skill, the cunning it takes to steal someone else's ideas and make them my own—that's the only special talent I have. I get so sick of this deceitfulness, this phoniness of mine. Maybe if I were to make nothing but mistake after mistake, exposing myself every day to humiliation, maybe then I'd gain a lit-

tle substance. But then I'd probably find some far-fetched "reason" for each of those mistakes, cleverly work that into some theory I've devised, and finally act out, with complete composure, my role as the desperate loser. (I got that last phrase, too, from some book I read.)

I honestly don't know which is the real me. If I had no books to read and couldn't find any models to imitate, what in the world would I do? I wouldn't be able to do anything, just shrink in a corner crying and blowing my nose like mad. At any rate, there's no hope for me, letting my thoughts wander aimlessly about like this on the train every day. All it leaves me with is this sickening warmish feeling in my body—I can't stand it. I know I've got to do something about it, somehow or other, but how do you go about getting a clear idea of who you are? Whatever self-criticism I've engaged in so far in my life has been completely meaningless. If I find something disagreeable about myself, some weak point, I immediately want to baby myself, to indulge myself in *that* much, at least, and finally I console myself with some conclusion like "It's no good burning down your house to get rid of the mice," so it doesn't really end up being self-criticism at all. It's as if I'd do less harm not thinking about such things in the first place.

In this magazine I'm reading now, there's an arti-

cle entitled "What's Wrong with Today's Young Women," and a lot of different people have written their opinions. As I read through it, I feel as though they're talking about me in particular, and it's a little embarrassing. It's funny, though, the way the writers match up with what they've written—the piece by a person I've always considered an idiot sounds, sure enough, like something an idiot would write; the piece by someone who, judging by the photograph, seems smart and fashionable is written in a smart and fashionable style—and from time to time I giggle to myself as I read. The religious leader starts right out talking about "faith," and the educator's piece, from beginning to end, is about "obligation" and "debts of gratitude." The politician comes out with a Chinese poem. The novelist is all affectation, using fine, foppish words. Stuck on himself.

But the things they've written are all undeniably true. We have no individuality, they say. No depth. Our aspirations and ambitions are far from the proper ones. We have, in other words, no ideals. Nor do we have the initiative necessary to apply constructive criticism directly to our lives. No self-examination. No *true* self-knowledge, self-regard, or self-esteem. We may at times act courageously, but it's questionable whether we're capable of taking responsibility for all the ramifications of such ac-

tions. We're adroit at adapting to the mode of life around us, but we have no real and proper affection for ourselves or attachment to the life we lead. No true humility. Short on originality. All we do is imitate others. We lack the feelings of "Love" that are supposed to be innate in human beings. We pretend to elegance but have no real refinement or grace. And so on—there's much more. A lot of the things hit startlingly close to home. There's no denying what these people have to say.

But, at the same time, I can't help but feel that the contributors wrote these things in a more lighthearted, easy frame of mind than usual, just for the sake of writing something. They use adjectives like "true" and "real" and "innate," but they don't tell us what "true" love or "real" self-knowledge are, not in any way you can really grab hold of. Maybe these people *do* know. If so, how grateful we'd be if only they'd be more concrete, if only they'd point the way for us with an authoritative finger. We young women of today have lost sight of the way to express love, so we'd do exactly what they say if they'd only tell us, in a forceful way, "Do this, do that," rather than say "This is no good, that's no good." I wonder if they all lack confidence in their own opinions. Maybe they'd express completely different opinions in different circumstances. They scold us for not having

"proper aspirations" and "proper ambitions," but if we really were to chase after proper ideals, to what extent would they be willing to support and guide us, I wonder.

We're already conscious, however vaguely, of the Good we should aim for, the Beauty we must aspire to. We're aware of the need to improve ourselves. We all want to live good lives. In that sense we *do* have proper aspirations and ambitions. And we're anxious to find reliable, unshakable convictions. But imagine the effort it would require to realize all these things in a given role, the role of daughter, for example. Your mother, your father, and your older brothers and sisters all have their own ways of thinking, which you have to take into consideration. We may call people "old-fashioned," but it's only talk. We definitely don't think lightly of those who have gone before us—our seniors at school, elderly people, married people. Far from it, we constantly look up to them. We all have relatives who are forever part of our lives. We have our acquaintances. We have friends. And then there's society itself, sweeping us along with its overwhelming force. If you look at all these things, think about all these forces in our lives, the question of developing your individuality hardly seems something to make a fuss over. You can't help thinking that perhaps it's wisest not to stand out too much, but to con-

tinue meekly down the path trod by most ordinary people.

"Mass education" strikes me as awfully cruel. As I've grown up, I've gradually come to realize that the ethics we're taught in school are very different from the rules of the real world. Stick faithfully to the ethics you learn in school and you'll make a fool of yourself. People will say you're strange, and you'll never get ahead, you'll always be poor. I wonder if there's really anyone who never tells a lie. If so, that person must be an eternal loser. Among my relatives is a man whose behavior is impeccable, who has firm beliefs, and who always pursues his ideals—if anyone is really living in the "true" sense, it's him—but all my other relatives speak ill of him. They treat him like a fool. I know it's because everyone treats him that way that he's a loser, but I can't bring myself to go so far as to oppose Mother and all the others by speaking out for him. I'm afraid. When I was a little girl my feelings about something would sometimes be completely different from everyone else's, and I'd challenge Mother. I'd ask *why* something had to be the way it was, and she'd get angry and squash any discussion with a sharp word or two. "You naughty girl," she'd say, "you sound like a little delinquent." It seemed to make her sad. I challenged Father that way once, too. He just smiled and didn't say anything, but

later he apparently told Mother I was "an eccentric child."

As I've got older, though, I've become more and more timid about this sort of thing. Now I can't even make a dress without considering everyone else's opinions and expectations. Secretly, I really do cherish what individuality I have, and I hope I always will, but I'm afraid to flaunt it. I want to be what people consider a nice girl. How obsequious I become when I'm with a large gathering of people! Blathering things I have no desire to say, things that have nothing to do with the way I feel. That's because I know it's to my advantage to do so. But I hate it. I wish ethics would hurry up and change. Then maybe I wouldn't have to be so craven and sneaky, or trickle through life each day doing things not because I want to but because it's what everyone expects.

Ah, there's a seat. I hurriedly take my umbrella and things from the baggage rack and squeeze in between two people. On my right is a middle-school student, and on my left is a woman wearing one of those coats with a pouch on the back for her baby. She's no youngster, but she's wearing a lot of makeup and has her hair done up in a modern style. She's so wretched I feel like slapping her. The things you think about when you're sitting down are completely different from when you're standing

up. When you're sitting, all your thoughts are spineless and unreliable.

On the seat across from me are four or five office workers, all about the same age, all with the same vacant expressions. Around thirty years old, I'd say. They're awful, all of them. Their eyes are dull and cloudy. They have no spirit. If I were to smile at one of them, however, that might be all it would take—he might latch on to me and whisk me away, and I'd end up having to marry him. One little smile is enough to decide a woman's fate. It's horrifying. It's almost awesome to think about. I'll have to watch my step.

I certainly am thinking the strangest thoughts this morning. Two or three days ago, the face of the man who comes to take care of our garden caught my eye and positively haunted me. There's no mistaking him for anything but a gardener, yet his face is definitely not a gardener's face. It's almost like the face of a philosopher or something. He has a swarthy complexion, but that only emphasizes the tautness of his features. He has good eyes. His eyebrows are close-knit and intense. He has a pug nose, but that matches his dark coloring, and he looks like a man with a strong will. The shape of his lips is awfully good, too. His ears are a little gross, and his hands are unmistakably a gardener's hands, but that face, shaded from the sun by a black felt

hat pulled down low over his eyes—it seems a pity to waste a face like that on a gardener. I must have asked Mother three or four times if she thought that man had always been a gardener, until finally she yelled at me.

This *furoshiki* I wrapped my things in today is the one I got from Mother the first time that gardener came to our house. We were doing a big job on the house that day, cleaning and fixing everything, and we had a tatami-maker come, and a handyman for the kitchen, and Mother was cleaning out her wardrobe when she found this *furoshiki* and gave it to me. It's such a lovely, ladylike piece of material that it seems a pity to tie it into a bundle like this. I sit here with it resting on my lap and glance at it again and again. I caress it. I'd like all the people on the train to notice it, too, but nobody does. If someone were to look at this lovely *furoshiki*, even for just a moment, I swear I'd be willing to be his bride.

Instinct. Whenever I run up against that word, it makes me want to cry. When something I do makes me aware of the enormity of instinct, the tremendous power it has, a power for which our wills are no match at all, I feel as if I'm going to lose my mind. It's not something you can deny or affirm. It's like this enormous, enormous thing that covers you from head to toe and drags you around whichever way it pleases. You may feel satisfied

while you're being dragged around, but at the same time you feel a different emotion, a sadness at seeing this happen to yourself. I wonder why we can't go through life being satisfied with only ourselves, loving only ourselves. To see instinct just gobble up all the feelings and thoughts I've had in my life as if they were of no consequence—it's pathetic. Whenever I'm able to forget myself, to lose myself in something even briefly, afterwards I just feel this great let-down. To realize that instinct is a definite part of whoever I might be at any given time makes me feel I could just cry. I want to call for Mother, for Father. But then again, maybe reality actually lies in the things I dislike about myself. Which is even more pathetic.

Ochanomizu already. Once I'm out on the platform, I forget everything I've been thinking about. I'm anxious to go back over what was in my head just a minute ago, to continue that train of thought, but it's gone, nothing comes to mind at all. Sometimes, when this happens, it seems there were things that hit awfully close to home, and things that were painfully embarrassing, but once they're gone it's exactly as if I'd never had those thoughts at all. The moment we call "now" is a funny thing. Now, now, now...You try to put your finger on it, but it's already gone, and now there's a new "now." Pattering down the stairs of the bridge,

I think *so what?* Idiot. Maybe there's just too much happiness in my life.

Miss Kosugi looks lovely this morning. Lovely, like my *furoshiki.* That pretty shade of blue becomes her. Her crimson carnation smacks you right in the eye, too. I'd like her even more if it weren't for the way she puts on airs. She poses too much. There's something forced, unnatural, about her. It must be tiring. There's something about her personality, too, that's difficult. She's hard to figure out in a lot of ways. She tries to act cheerful, but you can tell she's got a naturally gloomy disposition. Say what you will, though, she's an attractive lady. Seems a waste for her to be just a schoolteacher. She's not as popular with the other students as she used to be, but I still find her as attractive as before. A maiden living in some ancient castle in the mountains, or on the shores of a lake, that's what she's like. I'm going a bit overboard in my praise, though. I wonder why she's always so solemn when she talks. Maybe she isn't very bright. It's depressing. She's carrying on and on, preaching about patriotism, as if we needed to have it explained to us, as if it weren't obvious and natural. Who wouldn't feel love for the place they were born? How tiresome. I rest my cheek on my hand and gaze absently out the window. There's a strong wind today; maybe that's why the clouds are so

lovely. Four rose bushes bloom in one corner of the garden. A yellow one, two white ones, and a pink one. It occurs to me as I sit here daydreaming that there's something to be said for human beings. It was people, after all, who discovered the beauty of flowers, and it's people who love flowers.

Ghost stories during the lunch break. Yasubee's "The Unopened Door," one of her "Seven Wonders of Tokyo High," has got everyone screaming. What's interesting about this story is that it's psychological, not just the chain-rattling, stormy night type. We get so worked up that, even though we just ate, we're all famished again. "Mrs. Sweetbuns" hands some caramels round, and then we go right back to the ghosts. Everybody seems to get excited over stories like these. It's one way of getting a thrill, I guess. Finally somebody tells the one about Hisahara Bōnosuke—it's not a ghost story, really, but it's *so* funny.

During art class we all go out in the school yard to sketch. I wonder why Mr. Itō always has to single me out, and for no reason. Today he says he wants me to be the model for his own drawing. The old umbrella I brought today was a big hit with the class, and everyone made such a fuss over it that in the end Mr. Itō noticed it, too, and now he wants me to stand with the umbrella beside the roses in the corner of the garden. He says he's going to draw

me standing here like this and submit it for an exhibition. I agree to model for him, but only for thirty minutes. I'm always glad if I can be of the slightest help to anyone, but you get awfully tired standing face to face with Mr. Itō. He has such a tedious way of talking, so full of logic, and, maybe it's because he's concentrating on me like this, but all he talks about is me. It's annoying. It's a bother just answering him. He doesn't express himself clearly. That queer way he laughs, and the way, though he's supposed to be a teacher, he gets all flustered and embarrassed, and the way he doesn't say what he really feels—it practically makes me gag. Now he says, "You remind me of my little sister who died." I can't stand it. I suppose he's a good enough person, really, but he's too affected.

Look who's talking. As if, when it comes to having affectations, I myself weren't a match for Mr. Itō. And, what's worse, I'm good at using them in a crafty way. I'm such a poseur it's hopeless. I can say something like, "I'm a lying, deceitful monster who adopts poses and then lets those poses dictate her behavior," but that's just another pose, and where does that leave me? Even as I quietly stand here modeling for the teacher, I'm praying with all my heart that I can become more natural and honest.

Stop reading books. Your life is full of nothing but ideas, and that meaningless, arrogant, know-it-

all attitude of yours is contemptible, just contemptible. Always agonizing over things like not having a goal in life, and how you wish you could be more positive about life, and the inconsistencies in your personality, but all that is is sentimentality. You're just indulging yourself, consoling yourself. And you seem to overestimate your own importance, too.

Ah, with a model like me, a model with such an impure heart, Mr. Itō's drawing will never be accepted for the exhibition. It couldn't possibly turn out lovely. I know it's not very nice, but I can't help think what a fool this teacher is. He doesn't even know I have an embroidered rose on my slip.

Standing in one position like this, all of a sudden I'm overcome with a blind, burning desire for money. All I really want is ten yen, though. *Madame Curie* is the book I want to read most right now. And then I think how I'd like to see that Mother lives a good, long life.

It's amazing what a hard job this is, being the teacher's model. I'm exhausted.

After school, Kinko and I—she's the daughter of a temple priest—sneak off to the "Hollywood" to have our hair done. When they finish with me, my hair's not at all the way I asked them to do it, and it's a terrible let-down. I don't look cute at all, and I feel wretched. It's absolutely depressing. I begin to

feel like some incredibly disgusting old hen or something, having my hair done on the sly like this. Now I really regret it. We must have awfully low opinions of ourselves to come to a place like this. But the temple girl is in high spirits. She says crazy things like, "Maybe I should go to an *omiai* just like this," and before long it's as if she's under the illusion that she really is going to be introduced to some prospective husband, and she asks me, in all seriousness, "What color flowers would go well with this hairdo?" and "When I wear my kimono, what kind of *obi* should I tie it with?" She's so cute—she really doesn't think about things at all.

I smile and ask her what type of man she wants to have an *omiai* with.

"Well, you know what they say," she tells me, very solemn. "A rice-cake maker for a rice-cake maker." I'm a bit startled by that, and I ask her what she means, and she startles me even more by saying that it's best for the daughter of a priest to marry a priest, that then she'll never have to worry about having enough to eat. It's as if Kinko has no personality of her own, and that's why she seems so extraordinarily feminine. I'm not all that intimate with her, but simply because she sits next to me in school she tells everyone I'm her best friend. She really is a cute girl. Every other day she hands me a

letter, and she does help me out in lots of ways, which I appreciate, but today she's so merry and frolicsome I can't help but feel put off.

After we part, I get on the bus. I feel so, I don't know, so glum. There's this horrible woman on the bus. Her kimono is soiled around the neckline, and she's got this disheveled, reddish hair that she holds in place with a single comb. Looking at that fierce, dark red face of hers, you can hardly tell if she's a man or a woman. And—ah, how nauseating—she's pregnant. Now and then she grins to herself. She's a barnyard hen. And me, sneaking off to have my hair done at Hollywood, am I so different?

I think about the woman I sat next to on the train this morning, the one with all the make-up. Women are so disgusting. Being one myself, I know all too well what filthy things women are, and I hate it so much it makes me grind my teeth. The unbearable smell you get from handling goldfish—it's as if that smell covers your entire body, and no matter how much you wash and scrub, it won't come off. And when I think I've got to go through every day of my life emitting that smell, that female smell, there's something else that pops into my mind and makes me think I'd just rather die now, as I am, still a young girl. I start to wish I could fall ill. If I could get some terribly serious disease, and

sweat rivers of perspiration until I'm all skin and bone, maybe then I'd be cleansed. Or maybe it's impossible, as long as you're living and breathing, to avoid being impure. I wonder if I'm beginning to understand what real religion is all about.

It's a relief to get off the bus. Somehow vehicles just don't agree with me. The air inside them is so sickeningly warm, I can't stand it. It's good to have the earth beneath my feet. I like myself better on solid ground. Ah, what a scatterbrain I am. A dizzy dragonfly in paradise. I begin singing softly to myself: *Let's go home, go back home/What to see before we go?/See the onions in the field/Hear the frogs go, "Home, go home."* What a giddy girl you are, I tell myself, feeling vexed with myself and hating the way I keep growing, shooting up like a weed, but only physically. I want to become a nice girl, a good girl.

I'm so accustomed to walking this road on the way home each day that I've ceased to appreciate the silence of the countryside. There's nothing but the trees, this road, and the fields. Maybe today I'll pretend I'm someone who's coming here for the first time. I'm, let's see, the daughter of some clogmaker in Kanda, and this is the first time in my life to walk in the country. How would this scenery look to me then? What a great idea. And what a pathetic idea. I put on a solemn face and gaze

around me wide-eyed, purposely overdoing it. Walking down a narrow, tree-lined path, I gasp as I look up at the branches with their fresh green leaves. When I cross the earthen bridge I stop to peer down at the brook awhile, gazing at my reflection in the water and barking at myself like a puppy, and when I look at the fields in the distance, I narrow my eyes as if enraptured, and sigh, and murmur, "How lovely!" At the shrine I stop to rest. But the woods around the shrine are dark, so I quickly get up again and dash out of there with my shoulders hunched, as if I'm terribly frightened, and I pretend to be surprised by how bright it is once I'm out of the woods. Trying my best to make everything seem new and fresh, going through these elaborate motions, I somehow begin to feel unbearably lonely. Finally the buoyant feeling lets me down with a thud, and I plop down on the grass in a meadow beside the road and get wrenchingly serious. I begin slowly, deliberately, to think about myself, the way I am these days. I wonder what's wrong with me lately. Where have I gone wrong? Why do I feel so uneasy? It's as though I live in constant fear of something. Not long ago, somebody told me I was becoming more and more "common."

Maybe that's true. I've definitely got worse. I've become so inane. It won't do, it just won't do. I'm such a weakling, such a coward. Suddenly I feel like

shouting. Tsk. As if that would somehow cover up my cowardliness. I've got to *do* something about it. Maybe I'm in love. I lie on my back in the green meadow.

"Father," I call out loud. Father, Father. The sky at sunset is so lovely. There's a pink evening haze. It's as if the light of the setting sun melts in the haze, and the color runs, turning soft pink as it spreads. And that pink mist wavers and flows, dipping between the trees, creeping along the road, caressing the grass in the meadow, softly wrapping itself around me. Every hair on my head shines softly with its gentle touch. How beautiful this sky is. I feel like bowing down to it, prostrating myself before something for once in my life. Right now I believe in God. I wonder what you call this color, the color the sky is now. Roses. Fire. Rainbows. Angel wings. Cathedrals. No, none of them comes close. It's more holy, more divine.

I want to love everyone. This thought strikes me with such force that I almost feel I'm going to cry. Lying here, I can see the color of the sky slowly changing. It's gradually getting bluer. I just lie here sighing, wishing I could throw off all my clothes. I've never seen the leaves and grass looking so translucent and beautiful. I reach out and softly touch the blades of grass.

I want to live a noble, beautiful life.

When I get home, Mother's back already and we have company. I can hear her cackling with glee, as usual. When Mother and I are alone, no matter how big a smile she might have on her face, she never laughs out loud. But when she's with guests she'll screech with laughter, even though there won't be a trace of a smile on her face. I greet everyone and immediately go around back to the well and wash my hands and take off my stockings and wash my feet, and as I'm doing that the fish seller comes and says he's sorry it took so long, always grateful for your patronage, thank you thank you, and leaves a big fish next to me on the edge of the well. I don't know what kind of fish it is, but judging from its tiny, delicate scales, I have a feeling it's from Hokkaidō. And as I'm washing my hands again after putting the fish on a platter, the smell reminds me of when I went to my sister's house in Hokkaidō the summer before last. Her house is in Tomakomai, near the sea, and the air is always full of fish smells. And I can still vividly recall her standing alone in that great, spacious kitchen one evening, skillfully preparing fish for dinner with those white, ladylike hands of hers. And I felt such a longing for her, dying to have her care for me and baby me, but she'd already given birth to Toshi then and was no longer mine, and, realizing that, I felt something like a cold draft

come whistling through me. Knowing I couldn't just go up and put my arms around her slender shoulders and hug her, I felt so lonely I could have died, just standing there in one corner of that dimly lit kitchen, watching those breathtakingly gentle white fingertips working away. I miss the past so much, all of it. Blood relations are a mysterious thing. With other people, the farther away they are, the less you feel for them and the easier it is to forget them, but with blood relations, you just get more and more lonesome for them and remember the beautiful things about them.

The wild olives beside the well are a faint pink now. They may be ready to eat in a couple of weeks or so. Last year, it was so funny. I was picking the wild olives and eating them one evening, and Japii was sitting there watching me until I felt sorry for him and gave him one. And he ate it! So I gave him a couple more, and he ate those, too. It was so amusing to watch that I started shaking the tree, and wild olives were plopping down all over the place, and Japii was gobbling them up like crazy. Stupid dog. Who ever heard of a dog eating wild olives? I was standing on tiptoe picking the olives and eating them, and, down below, Japii was eating them, too. It was really funny. Remembering that time, I begin to wonder where he is.

"Japii!"

He comes trotting cockily around from the front. Suddenly he seems so adorable that I have to grit my teeth. I grab hold of his tail, hard, and he gently bites my hand. I feel tears welling up, and I smack him on the head. It doesn't bother him at all; he just starts noisily lapping water from the well.

I go to my room. The electric light is shining softly. It's so quiet. Father is gone. Without Father here, it seems there's this great, empty gap somewhere in the house. It makes me want to shudder, almost. After changing into a kimono and giving the rose on my discarded slip a lovely kiss, I sit in front of the mirror, and just then, from the living room, Mother and her friends let out this roar of laughter, which for some reason makes me sick and angry. When Mother and I are alone, everything's fine, but when we have company, she seems so distant from me, so cold and unfamiliar, and it's at times like this that I miss Father most.

I peer into the mirror, and I'm taken aback by how vivacious I look. This face is a stranger to me. It has absolutely nothing to do with these feelings of mine, this sadness and pain. It's living a life of its own. Though I'm not wearing rouge today, my cheeks are bright pink, and my lips are small and red and shiny. I look adorable. I take off my glasses and smile softly. My eyes are very nice. Clear as a blue, blue sky. Maybe it's because I gazed at

that beautiful evening sky for so long. Hooray.

I go to the kitchen practically floating on air, but as I'm washing the rice I begin to feel sad again. I long for the old house in Koganei. I miss it so much it feels like my heart is on fire. Father was there, in that nice old house, and so was my sister. And Mother was younger then. I'd come home from school and Mother and my sister would be sitting in the kitchen or the living room, happily chatting away about one thing or another. They'd give me a snack, and both of them would fuss over me. Sometimes I'd start an argument with my sister, and then I'd always get a scolding and run outside and ride far, far away on my bicycle. I'd come back by evening, though, and we'd all have a pleasant dinner together. It really was a happy time. I didn't spend my days thinking about myself, and I didn't feel so nasty and awkward all the time; all I had to do was to let them look after me. What tremendous privileges I enjoyed then! And without thinking anything of it. No worries, no loneliness, no pain. Father was a splendid father. My sister was gentle and kind, and I was always trailing after her. But as I gradually got bigger and found out all these disgusting things about myself, the privileges began to vanish, leaving me here naked and unprotected and ugly, so ugly. I'm not even capable of letting anyone baby me now. All I do is brood, and feel

more and more pain. My sister went and got married. Father's gone. The only ones left are Mother and I. Mother must be awfully lonely, too. Not long ago she said, "There's nothing for me to enjoy in life any more. Even watching you grow up—to tell you the truth, I don't really feel much joy in it. Forgive me. It's better for me not to be happy, now that your father's no longer with us." She says that when the mosquitoes come out, it makes her think of Father; when she's unstitching something, she remembers Father; when she cuts her nails, she remembers Father; and especially when she's drinking a cup of delicious tea, she always remembers Father. No matter how much I try to console her, talk with her, it's not the same, I'm not Father. The love between man and wife must be the strongest bond in the world, stronger and more precious than even the love between blood relatives.

I feel myself blushing at such audacious thoughts and run a wet hand through my hair. Washing the rice, swishing it around, I begin to think of Mother as the sweetest, most adorable person, and I feel deep in my heart how important it is that I take good care of her. The first thing I've got to do is get rid of this wave I've put in my hair, and then I'll let it grow longer. Mother has never liked me with bobbed hair; it ought to make her happy if I let it grow really long and do it up nice. But then again, I

hate to go that far just out of consideration for Mother. It'd be sort of perverse. Come to think of it, much of the anxiety I feel these days has a lot to do with Mother. I want to be a good daughter, just the kind of girl she would like me to be, but I don't like the idea of trying to please her in such queer ways. It would be best if I didn't have to do or say anything, if she would just understand me and trust me. However headstrong I may be, I'll never do anything to invite people's ridicule, and no matter how hard it may be at times, no matter how lonely I may get, I'll always be on my guard against making any of the really bad mistakes. And I do love Mother. I love her and I love my life in this house with her, so if she'd just have faith in me and not worry about anything, if she'd just relax and be a bit more happy-go-lucky about things, everything would be fine. I know I'd make her proud of me. I'd work my fingers to the bone for her. Even now, that's the greatest joy in my life, that's what I want to do with my life. But Mother doesn't have any confidence in me, she still treats me like a child. She loves it when I say something childish. Not long ago I took out the ukelele and started fooling around, plinking the strings, and Mother, looking perfectly ecstatic, pretended not to see what I was doing and said, "What's that? Rain? I hear raindrops," trying to tease me, as if she actually thought

I was serious about playing the ukelele, and it made me feel so miserable I just wanted to cry. Mother, I'm an adult now. I already know all about the world, and people. Feel free to talk to me about anything at all. Even our household finances, for example—if you would just tell me everything, if you would say to me, "Look, this is how things stand, so you're going to have to do your part, too," I'd never bother you about new shoes and things like that. I'd be a properly thrifty, frugal daughter. That's really, truly the truth. But even so...

Ah! I start snickering to myself, remembering there was a song called that, "But Even So." All of a sudden I realize I'm standing here with both hands stuck in the rice pot, daydreaming like an idiot.

This won't do. I've got to get dinner ready for the guests. I wonder what I should do with this big fish. Anyway, I'll cut it in three parts and soak it in miso. It's bound to be delicious then. With cooking, you have to rely on intuition. There are a few cucumbers left, so I'll put them in a simple sauce of sake, soy, and vinegar. Then my famous omelets. Then, let's see, one more dish. Ah, I've got it. Rococo cuisine. This is something I dreamed up myself, don't you know. On each plate I place a bit of ham, and egg, and parsley, cabbage, spinach, everything we have in the way of leftovers, a full

spectrum of colors, laying them out beautifully with deft hands. It's a dish that's easy to prepare, it's economical, and it's not the least bit delicious, but it lends an atmosphere of gaiety and extravagance to the dinner table and makes it appear as if you've laid out a real feast. In the shadow of a mound of omelet grows a green burst of parsley, through which a red coral reef of ham peeks out, all resting on a bed of cabbage leaves arranged on the plate like a yellow peony, or a feather fan; the spinach is a rich green meadow, or tidal waters. Put two or three of these plates on the table, and suddenly the guests are having visions of seventeenth-century France. Well, that's overstating it a bit, but since I'm incapable of making anything really delicious, the least I can do is serve up something that's so attractive to the eye that the guests are dazzled into thinking it's tasty. Appearances come first in cooking. You can get away with just about anything if it looks good. But, mind you, this rococo cuisine requires an artistic eye. Unless you're much more sensitive to color combinations than the average person, you're sure to fail. You need at least as much delicacy as yours truly has, anyway. When I looked up "rococo" in the dictionary a while back, it was defined as "an ornamental style emphasizing the florid and gorgeous, but lacking substance," and I couldn't help but laugh. It was so perfect. How

could anything beautiful have "substance," anyway? Pure beauty is always without meaning or morality. It's obvious. That's why I'm all in favor of rococo.

As always happens when I'm cooking, as I'm sampling this and tasting that, I'm overcome by this horrible sense of nothingness. I feel dead tired and depressed. It's as if all the exertion reaches saturation point. I get so I no longer care about anything. Finally it's like, "Oh, bother!" I just give up and throw everything together any old way, with no regard for how it tastes or looks, and serve it to the guests with this perfectly sullen expression on my face.

Today's guests are especially depressing. Mr. and Mrs. Imaida from Ōmori, and Yoshio, who's seven this year. Mr. Imaida's almost forty, but he has this very white, pretty-boy type of skin—it's disgusting. And why does he have to smoke Shikishima cigarettes? There's something repulsive about cigarettes with mouthpieces on them. If somebody smokes Shikishimas, you begin to have doubts even about his character. He tilts his head back and blows the smoke out at the ceiling, going "Aha, aha, I see." He's a teacher at night school. His wife is this small, timid person, and she's a vulgar sort. The silliest things are enough to make her double up with laughter, twisting her body around and practically

pressing her face against the tatami. What's so funny? The worst part is, she seems to be under the impression that it's in good taste to overreact like that, to fall down laughing. I wonder if people like this don't make up the most despicable class in society today. The most sordid class. "Petit bourgeois," is that what you'd call them? Petty bureaucrats? Even the little boy is precocious in a queer sort of way. There's not a trace of natural, spontaneous playfulness about him.

Though I'm thinking all these things, I keep it all inside and bow to the guests and laugh and chat and say how cute Yoshio is, patting his head, deceiving everyone with my lies. Doesn't that make even people like the Imaidas more pure of heart than I am? Everyone praises my cooking as they eat the rococo cuisine, and it makes me feel so wretched and angry I want to cry, but nonetheless I force myself to look pleased and before long I start eating with the rest of them, but Mrs. Imaida won't stop mindlessly flattering me, so much that I can't help but be repulsed by it, and finally I brace myself and think, all right, that's it, no more lies.

"This food isn't the least bit delicious. It's just emergency rations, really, since we didn't have anything else to serve."

I only meant to tell the truth, but Mr. and Mrs. Imaida just laugh merrily, all but clapping their

hands, and say, "Emergency rations! That's a good one!" It's so exasperating I feel like dashing my chopsticks and bowl to the floor and wailing at the top of my lungs. But I hold it all inside and force myself to produce a simpering grin. Then Mother joins in.

"This child is really getting to be a help around here." Though she knows perfectly well how awful I feel, she chooses to go along with the Imaidas by saying something silly like that and chuckling away. Mother, there's no need to go out of your way to stay on the good side of people like this. Mother isn't Mother when she has guests. She's just this weak woman. Simply because Father's gone doesn't mean you have to become so obsequious, Mother. I feel so wretched I can't even speak. Go home. Please go home. My father is a fine man, a gentle man, a man with a noble and lofty character. If you think you can make fools of us simply because Father's gone, you can just go home right now. I really feel like saying that to Imaida. But of course I'm too much of a coward, and instead I cut a slice of ham for Yoshio and attend to Mrs. Imaida, serving her some pickled vegetables.

As soon as dinner's over, I retreat to the kitchen and start cleaning up. I wanted to be alone as soon as possible. It's not that I'm being stuck up, but I don't see why I should have to force myself to talk

and laugh with those people. There's absolutely no need to be polite to—or toady to, rather—people like that. I've had it. No more of this. I did my best. Even Mother seemed happy, didn't she, to see how I restrained myself and acted so amiable and courteous. Is that all you have to do, I wonder. I don't know which is better: to distinguish clearly between your social self and your real self, and to go about coping with everything in a methodical, cheerful way, or not to lose sight of yourself, even if people ridicule you, not to conceal your real self. I envy people who can spend their whole lives among others who are as weak and gentle and warm as they are. As far as hardship goes, if you can spend your life without experiencing it, so much the better; there's no need to go intentionally looking for hardship.

Of course, there's no doubt that it's good to do things for other people, even if it means suppressing your own feelings, but if I thought I had to go through every day from now on forcing myself to smile at people like the Imaidas, and listen and respond to everything they say, I think I'd go insane. I'd never be able to make it in prison. I know that's a funny thought, but it's true. Prison? I couldn't even make it as someone's maid. Or as a wife. No, wait, being a wife would be different. Once you'd made up your mind to devote yourself to someone

for the rest of your life, then no matter how much you toiled and suffered, you'd always feel that life was worth living, that there was hope. It's only natural. Even I could become an admirable wife. I'd be busy as a bee from morning to night. Forever scrubbing away at the laundry—because there's nothing more unpleasant than accumulating a great pile of laundry. I get so jittery when that happens, it's as if I'm on the verge of hysteria. I feel I'll die if I don't get the washing done. But once I've washed every single item and hung it all up to dry, I feel if I *were* to die now, at least I could rest in peace.

The Imaidas are leaving. Mother's going with them, saying they have some sort of business to take care of together. That's Mother for you. But as for the Imaidas, using Mother like that—and it's not the first time—I despise them so much for having that sort of gall that I'd like to give them a good thrashing. After seeing them off at the front gate, standing there by myself gazing at the twilit street, I feel like crying.

In the mailbox are the evening paper and two letters. One of the letters is for Mother, but it's only an announcement from the Matsuzaka-ya store for a summer clothing sale. The other one is for me, from my cousin Junji. It's just a short note: "I'm being transferred to the regiment in Maebashi. Give my regards to your mother." I know life in the army

is far from wonderful, even for commissioned officers, but, even so, I envy soldiers the discipline forced upon them, the rigorous daily routine, where not a second is wasted. Everything is done according to some regulation, so in a way it must put you at ease. As for me, if I don't feel like doing anything at all, I don't have to; yet I'm in a position where I could do all sorts of bad, terrible things if I wanted. If I want to study, on the other hand, I have all the time in the world to do so; then again, if I decide to be very selfish, my most extravagant desires might be fulfilled. What a help it would be for my state of mind, then, if someone were to put limits on what I could do. I'd actually be grateful for restrictions like that. I read in some magazine that there's just one thing soldiers on the front crave: a good night's sleep. But while I could sympathize with the soldiers, I also felt awfully envious of them. To be able to make a clean break from this vicious circle of vile, complicated reflections, this meaningless flood of thoughts, and to be in a state of longing only to sleep—it's refreshing just to think about the purity and simplicity of such a life. If I could experience military life just once, and go through that sort of severe training, maybe I'd become a little more forthright, more clear-cut and attractive. Of course, there are people who don't need to go through military life to become pure and

innocent, like Junji's younger brother Shin, but I'm not like that. I'm a bad girl with many, many faults. Shin is the same age as I, but he's such a good person you can't help but wonder how he got that way. He's my favorite person among all my relatives—or in the whole world even. Shin is blind. Imagine losing your sight when you're so young. What would it be like on a quiet night like this, alone in your room? The rest of us, when we feel miserable, can console ourselves by reading a book or looking at the scenery, but Shin can't. He can't do anything but just grin and bear it. He always studied harder than anybody, and he was good at tennis and swimming, so just think how painful and sad it must be for him now. Last night I was thinking about Shin, and after I got in bed I tried lying there awake with my eyes closed for five minutes. Even lying in bed, five minutes seemed so long that it was oppressive; it was like having this great weight on my chest. But Shin never sees anything, morning, noon, or night, day after day, month after month. If he'd complain once in a while, or lose his temper, or say something selfish, I honestly think it would make me happy, but Shin never does. I've never heard him complain or say anything bad about anybody. He has this cheerful way of talking, and such an innocent, detached

expression on his face. It really gets to you.

While I'm thinking about all this, I wipe the floor in the sitting room, and then I light the fire for the bath. As I wait for the water to get hot, I sit on the mikan crate and do my homework by the light of the burning coals. Even when I've finished it all, the bath still isn't ready, so I decide to start reading *A Strange Tale from East of the River* again. There's definitely nothing vile or hateful about the story itself. But here and there the author's posturing stands out, and he seems, I don't know, I guess you'd have to say outdated and unreliable. Well, he's an old man, maybe that's why. But foreign writers, even when they get old, only seem to love their subjects in an even bolder, more indulgent way, and that doesn't make them seem affected—just the opposite. Still, I wonder if this isn't one of the better class of Japanese works. There's a refreshing, relatively honest, quiet kind of resignation underlying the story. It's the most mellow of Kafū's stories, and I do like it. He seems to have an awfully strong sense of responsibility. It's as if, in a lot of his works, he's so concerned with Japanese morality that he ends up defying it, rebelling in an unnatural, flashy sort of way. Pretending to be evil, as people who love too deeply often do, he puts on this garish demon's mask, but that just works

against him. It makes his stories weaker. But in *East of the River* there's this lonesome, immovable strength. I do like it.

The bath is ready. I turn on the light in the bathroom, take off my kimono, open the window all the way, and slip quietly into the tub. I can see the green leaves of the coral tree outside the window, each individual leaf shining brightly in the glow of the electric light. The stars are twinkling in the sky. No matter how many times I look up at them, that's what they're doing, twinkling. Lying back dreamily in the tub, I'm vaguely aware of the pale white of my body—I try not to look, but it's there all right, somewhere in my field of vision, and as I lie here I begin to think that that whiteness is somehow not the same as it was when I was little. What an unbearable thought. It's so disturbing the way my body goes on growing all by itself, completely independent of my feelings. I can't stand it. It's sad to find myself becoming an adult right before my own eyes and not be able to do anything about it. Isn't there anything I can do besides just resign myself and sit back and watch it happen? I'd like always to have the body of a little girl, a little doll. I splash the bathwater around, as a child might do, but somehow it just leaves me feeling miserable. I begin to feel as if I have no real reason to go on living, and it's a painful feeling.

From out in the meadow beyond the garden, I hear a little boy call out for his older sister—"*Onee-chan*!"—in a voice that sounds like he's half crying, and it cuts me to the quick. He's not calling me, of course, but how envious I am of that "*Onee-chan*" for having a younger brother who wants her and cries for her. If I had a little brother who adored me and needed me like that, even I would be able to live through each day without all this dumb confusion. I'd really be able to feel I had something to live for, and I'd even be willing to devote my whole life to him. I swear I could endure any sort of hardship for my brother's sake.

I get all worked up with these thoughts and then, to the depths of my soul, I think what a poor, unfortunate child I am.

Somehow the stars are weighing on my mind tonight, and after my bath I step out into the garden. It's as if it's raining stars. Ah, summer is near. Here and there frogs are croaking. The barley fields rustle in the breeze. Each time I look up, the stars are there, shining, lots and lots of them. I think of last year—no, not last year, it's already been two years now. I insisted on going for a walk, and Father, though he was sick, went with me. My father, youthful to the end. Teaching me a little German ditty that meant something like "Till you are one hundred, and I'm ninety-nine," talking

about the stars, improvising poems, leaning on his stick and spitting again and again, blinking the way he did, walking alongside me—my fine, gentle father. I remember him so clearly as I look up quietly at these stars. Since then, a year, two years have passed, and I, little by little, have turned into a naughty girl, a bad girl with lots and lots of secrets she can't tell anyone about.

I go back to my room, sit down at the desk with my cheek on my hand, and gaze at the lily before me. It smells so good. With that fragrance in the air, even sitting here alone and bored like this, no vile thoughts or feelings can get to me. I bought this lily yesterday evening, on my way back from taking a walk near the station, and since then it's as if my room is a different room altogether. As soon as you slide open the door to come in, that fragrance wafts out at you, and it's so refreshing, such a comfort. Sitting here studying this lily, it hits me, almost like a physical sensation, what they mean when they say that Solomon, "even in his glory," was no match for these things. I remember last summer in Yamagata. In the mountains there, we saw lots of lilies blooming on the face of a cliff, so many that it was just incredible. I was spellbound. But I knew I'd never be able to climb up such a steep slope, and they were about halfway up, so I resigned myself to just looking at them. But then there was this man,

a miner, who happened to be standing nearby, and, without saying anything, he began to climb up the cliff, and before you knew it he was back with so many lilies that he could hardly hold them in both arms. Then, without so much as a smile, he handed them all to me. I mean, there were just so many of them. I bet no one ever got so many flowers at one time, not even in the most magnificent theater or wedding hall. That was the first time flowers ever made me dizzy. I struggled to hold that big, gigantic bouquet in my arms and couldn't see a thing in front of me. I wonder how he's getting along now—that really nice, serious young miner. He put himself in danger to pick some flowers for me—that's all there was to it, but now, whenever I see a lily, I'll always remember him.

I open the desk drawer and start rummaging through it, and there's my fan from last summer. On a white background there's a picture of a Genroku-era woman sitting in a slovenly sort of way, and next to her are two green Chinese lantern plants. Last summer comes wafting up from this fan like smoke. Life in Yamagata, the train, *yukata* robes, watermelons, rivers, cicadas, wind chimes. All of a sudden I want to take this fan and board a train. Opening a fan is a nice feeling. The sections go *pop pop pop* as they separate, and suddenly the fan becomes almost weightless, as if it's floating. I'm

still toying with it, twirling it around, when Mother comes home. She's in a good mood.

"Ah, I'm so tired," she grumbles, but she doesn't really look all that unhappy about it. It can't be helped—she just loves doing things for people.

"Anyway, it's such a complicated affair," she says, going on about her business with the Imaidas as she gets out of her kimono and into the bath.

Once she's bathed and we're having a cup of tea together, Mother begins to smile at me in a funny way. And what do you suppose she comes out with?

"You said a while back you were dying to see *Barefoot Girl*, didn't you? Well, if you want to go so badly, it's all right with me. On one condition: that you massage Mother's shoulders tonight. You'll enjoy it even more if you have to work for it, won't you?"

I'm so happy. I *have* been wanting to see that movie, but since I've done nothing but fool around recently, I hesitated to ask Mother to let me go. Obviously she could tell how I felt, though, and by assigning me a task she's giving me a chance to go to the movies without feeling guilty. I'm so happy and feel so much love for Mother that I can't keep from smiling.

It seems so long since I've spent time alone with Mother at night. She has such a busy social life.

She, too, no doubt, is doing her best not to be made a fool of by people. Massaging her shoulders like this, I really feel how tired she is; it's as if her weariness is transmitted right into my own body. I must take good care of her. I'm ashamed of having felt resentment toward her earlier, when the Imaidas were here, and I voicelessly mouth the words, "I'm sorry." I'm always so engrossed in myself, thinking only of me, and it is, after all, only because I trust in and depend on Mother's love that I can afford to be so willful. Whenever I get like that, I completely shut my eyes to the hurt and pain it causes Mother. Mother's become so very vulnerable since Father passed away. I'm always on her back, saying how hard things are for me, how unbearable it all is, but if she tries to lean on me even a little, I feel disgusted, as if she's showing me a filthy, repulsive side of herself. I'm really just too selfish. Both of us, after all, are weak women. From now on, I want to be content with my life alone with Mother. I always want to know what she's feeling, to talk to her about the past, about Father, and to set aside a day, even if it's only one day, where everything I do centers around her. And I want to feel that I have an admirable, worthwhile life. In my heart, I worry about Mother, and tell myself I want to be a good daughter, but all my actions and words are those of a selfish child. And nowadays there's nothing of

the purity of childhood in me. Only filthy, shameful things. "It's so painful," "I'm so worried," "I'm lonely," "I'm sad"—what's that all about? If I could really say these things clearly, I'd just die. I'm perfectly aware of that, yet I can't come up with a single word, a single noun or adjective that comes close. All I do is get flustered and end up losing my temper like...like I don't know what. They say bad things about women of the olden days—how they were slaves, nobodies with no regard for themselves, puppets, and so on—but, compared to someone like me, they were feminine, in the best sense of the word, and big-hearted, and had the wisdom to handle being submissive without losing their vitality, and they knew the beauty of self-sacrifice, and the joy of serving people without expecting any compensation whatsoever.

"Ah, what a wonderful masseuse you are," Mother says, teasing me as usual. "You're a genius."

"It's because I put my heart into it. But, you know, I have other redeeming qualities, too. I'd feel awful if all I had going for me was how good a masseuse I am. I have other, even better qualities." These words come straight from my heart, and they sound refreshing even to me; I haven't been able to speak my mind so clearly, and so naturally, for the past two or three years.

I'm grateful to Mother for a lot of reasons tonight, and after I've finished massaging her, I read her a bit of *Cuore: An Italian Schoolboy's Journal* as a bonus. She looks relieved to know I read this kind of book. A few days ago I was reading Kessel's *Belle de Jour*, and she lifted it out of my hands. Her face clouded over when she looked at the cover, and, though she just handed it right back without saying anything, I somehow lost interest in reading further. Surely Mother's never read *Belle de Jour*, but she intuitively knew what sort of book it is. As I'm reading aloud from *Cuore*, my voice occasionally sounds awfully loud and absurd, and I feel ridiculous, embarrassed. It's so quiet around us that the silliness of the prose really stands out. Reading *Cuore* is as moving now as it was when I was little; it makes me feel as if I myself have become pure and innocent again. But reading it aloud is so different from reading it to yourself it's amazing, it's dumbfounding. Still, when I come to the parts about Enrico and Garrone, tears come to Mother's eyes and she bows her head. My mother, like Enrico's, is a wonderful, beautiful mother.

Mother goes to bed first. She must be awfully tired, having been on the go since early morning. I straighten out the futon for her, patting the edges and fluffing it up. Mother always closes her eyes the moment she gets in bed.

After that I go into the bathroom to do the laundry. Lately I've got into this strange habit of doing the laundry when it's nearly midnight. It seems a pity to waste time washing clothes during the day, but maybe I've got it backwards. I can see the moon through the window. Squatting down, scrubbing away, I give the moon a little smile. The moon, however, pays no attention to me. Suddenly I have this odd sensation—I'm convinced that at that very same moment, somewhere, some poor, lonesome girl is doing her laundry, exactly as I am, and just gave the moon a little smile. I'm certain she exists—some poor suffering soul washing clothes at the back door of a house on top of a mountain far out in the country. And another girl, the same age as I, is alone in the corridor of some run-down apartment house on a back street in Paris, doing her laundry, and she, too, just smiled at the moon—there's no doubt about it in my mind. It's as if I'm actually seeing her through a telescope, and even the colors are vivid and clear.

Nobody really understands how we suffer. Soon, when we become adults, we may come to recall this suffering, this wretchedness, as silly and laughable, but how are we to get through the long, hateful period until we do become adults? No one bothers to teach us that. Maybe it's like a sickness that you just have to wait out, like measles or something.

But some people die from measles, and others have had their eyes destroyed by measles. We can't just wait it out. Getting so depressed and angry each day, some among us will eventually make a false step, take a horrible fall, and end up doing irreparable damage to themselves, ruining their whole lives. And some will do away with themselves once and for all. When that happens, no matter how much people say, "Ah, what a waste! If only she'd lived a little longer, she'd have understood; as soon as she became a bit more mature, she'd have naturally come to understand," the fact is that, from that girl's point of view, she'd suffered and suffered and just barely managed to hold on for that long, always waiting to hear one word from those people but getting nothing but the same noncommittal, evasive platitudes, which are supposed to mollify and soothe her, but which only add up to malignant neglect. By no means are we blind to the future, by no means do we live only for the moment, but to point at some mountain way off in the distance and tell us that everything will be clear once we get that far, that there's a wonderful view up there...Well, we know it's exactly as you say, we don't doubt your words for a moment. But what about this fierce pain inside us right now? You just pretend not to notice that. All you have to say is "There, there, just bear with it a little longer.

Once you get to the top of that mountain, you'll have it made." Somebody's mistaken, there's definitely something wrong here. *You*, for instance.

I finish the washing, clean up the bathroom, and, as soon as I slide open the door to my room, there's that fragrance—the lily. I feel relieved, refreshed. I feel as though my heart has become transparent to the core; I'm in a state of what you might call sublime nihilism. I'm quietly changing into my nightgown when Mother, whose eyes are closed and who I thought was fast asleep, surprises me by suddenly speaking. Every now and then she gives me a start by doing something like this.

"You were saying you wanted some summer shoes, so when I was in Shibuya today I had a look. Even shoes are expensive these days, aren't they?"

"It's all right. I don't want them so badly any more."

"But you need them, don't you?"

"Mm."

Tomorrow, no doubt, will be another day just like today. Happiness will never come. I know that. But as you're going to sleep, it's probably better to believe that it will, that it'll come tomorrow. I collapse on the futon, purposely making a big thud as I fall. Ah, it feels good. The futon is cold, and it feels so fresh and cool on my back that I become rapturously drowsy. "Happiness comes one night too

late." I dreamily remember those words. Waiting and waiting for happiness, and, finally, unable to bear the waiting any longer, leaving home, and the following day wonderful news comes to the abandoned house, but it's too late. Happiness...

I can hear Kaa in the garden. *Patter-patter-patter.* There's something distinctive about the sound. His right front leg is shorter than the left one, and he's bowlegged as well, and the sound he makes when he runs is so dreary and lonesome. I wonder what he's doing, trotting around in the garden in the middle of the night. Poor Kaa. I was mean to him this morning. Tomorrow I'll give him lots of attention.

I have this sad habit: unless I cover my face with both hands, I can't get to sleep. I cover my face and lie very still.

Falling asleep is a strange sensation. It's like something very heavy, like lead, pulling on your head with a string, like a carp or eel jerking on a fishing line, pulling you down. You start to nod off, and then the line goes slack and you snap back awake. Then it pulls you down again, and you nod off. Then the line goes slack. That happens three or four times until one great, long tug pulls you under, this time till morning.

Good night. I'm a Cinderella without a prince. You don't know where in Tokyo I am, do you? We won't meet again.

Cherry Leaves and the Whistler

When the blossoms have scattered and the cherry trees are full of leaves like this (the elderly woman began), I always remember that time. It was thirty-five years ago, Father was still alive, and our family—if you can call it that, for there were only three of us, Father and my younger sister and I, Mother having passed away some seven years earlier, when I was thirteen—our family was living on the outskirts of a castle town in Shimane Prefecture, a place near the Japan Sea with a population of twenty-some thousand. Father had accepted a post as headmaster of a middle school there when I was eighteen and my sister was sixteen, but since no suitable lodgings were available in town, we rented two rooms in a detached house on the grounds of a temple near the foot of the mountains, a house we were to live in for six years, until Father was transferred to a middle school in Matsue. I didn't marry until after we moved to Matsue, in the

autumn of my twenty-fourth year, which in those days was quite late for a girl. With Mother having died when I was so young and Father being so absorbed in scholarly work and so thoroughly out of touch with worldly matters, I knew our household would fall apart entirely if I were to leave, and though I'd had any number of offers I had no desire to become anyone's bride if it meant abandoning my family. Had my sister been healthy, I would have felt somewhat more free to do as I pleased, but though she, quite unlike myself, was a beautiful and very intelligent child with long, lovely hair, she was physically infirm, and in the spring of the second year after Father took that job in the castle town, when she was eighteen and I was twenty, she died. This is the story of something that happened shortly before her death.

She'd been in a very bad way for quite some time by then. She had renal tuberculosis, which is a terribly serious disease, and both of her kidneys had been badly damaged before it was detected. The doctor had told Father, in no uncertain terms, that the end would come within a hundred days. He said there was nothing he could do. There was nothing we could do, either, of course, but watch in silence as a month passed, another month passed, and even as the hundredth day approached. My sister, not knowing how close to death she was,

remained in relatively good spirits, and, though she was confined to bed day and night, she cheerfully sang songs and joked and let me spoil her, and whenever I reflected that she had only thirty or forty days to live, that this was absolutely certain, it was as if my entire body was being pierced by needles, and I thought I would go mad with the pain. March, April, May...Yes, it was the middle of May. I'll never forget that day.

The meadows and mountains were adorned with fresh green, and it had grown so warm that one almost felt like shedding one's clothing. The new green was so brilliant in the sunlight that it stung my eyes as I walked along a meadow path, turning this and that over in my mind, head lowered and one hand stuffed in my sash, and all my thoughts were such painful ones that I was actually trembling and felt I could hardly breathe. Then, from beneath the spring earth at my feet, came an eerie, booming, other-worldly sound, faint yet enormous, like giant drums being beaten in hell below, a steady, unbroken rumbling, and I, not knowing what that horrifying sound might be, wondered if I hadn't indeed lost my mind. I stood frozen in my tracks until I found myself unable to stand any longer and, with a cry of anguish, collapsed on the grass and wept and wept.

I later learned the strange and terrifying sound

had, in fact, been the cannons of warships under the command of Admiral Tōgō, engaged in the battle that was to sink the entire Russian Baltic fleet. So, you see, it was right about that time when all this happened. And Navy Day is just around the corner again, isn't it?

All the people in that castle town by the sea must have been in mortal fear, hearing the rumbling of those cannons. But I, not knowing what it was and half mad with concern for my sister, believed I was hearing the drums of the netherworld and sat there in the meadow for a long time, crying, afraid even to look up. Not till evening began to fall did I finally stand and walk, in a deathlike trance, back to the temple.

My sister called to me when I got home. She was by now terribly thin and weak, and she seemed to be becoming vaguely aware that she didn't have long to live. She no longer asked me to cater to her whims, to mother and spoil her, and that was only making it all the more painful for me.

"When did this letter come?" she said.

The question gave me such a start, so pierced my soul, that I felt the blood drain from my face.

"When did it come?" she asked again, all innocence.

I pulled myself together and said, "Just a while ago. While you were sleeping. You were smiling in

your sleep. I put it there by your pillow. You didn't notice, did you?"

"No, I didn't." Darkness was falling and her smile was pale and beautiful in the dim light of the room. "I read the letter, though. It's so odd. I don't know this person."

Oh, you don't, don't you? I thought. I knew who the sender was—a man named "M.T." Oh, I knew who he was, all right. No, I'd never met him, but five or six days before this I'd been arranging the things in my sister's wardrobe when I came across a bundle of letters tied with a green ribbon and hidden in the bottom of one of the drawers. It wasn't the right thing to do, I suppose, but I untied the ribbon and looked at the letters. There were about thirty of them, and they were all from this Mr. M.T. Mind you, his name wasn't written on the envelopes, but all the letters were signed by him. On the envelopes were the names of various girls, all of whom were actual friends of my sister's. Father and I never dreamed that she was carrying on such voluminous correspondence with a man.

No doubt this M.T. was a cautious fellow and had asked my sister the names of a number of her friends so that he could write her without arousing suspicion. Having deduced that much, I marveled to myself at the boldness of youth, and it was enough to make me shudder with fear just to im-

agine what would happen if our stern and severe father were to find out. But as I read the letters, in the order in which they'd been sent, I began to feel rather giddy in spite of myself, even laughing out loud from time to time at the childlike innocence of the words; it was as if a vast new world were opening for me.

I'd just turned twenty at the time, and I knew all about the different types of anguish a young woman can go through yet must never express in so many words. I read through the pile of thirty-odd letters with all the urgency of a stream rushing down a mountain slope. But when I began the final letter, which had been written the previous fall, I suddenly leaped to my feet. The sensation was, perhaps, like being struck by lightning; I stood bolt upright with the shock. My sister's romance had not been purely platonic—it had progressed to more detestable things.

I burned the letters, every single one. M.T. was, as far as I could gather, an impoverished poet who lived in the town—and enough of a coward to have abandoned my sister as soon as he learned of her illness. The cruelest things were written in the final letter, and in the most offhand, breezy way—how he and she should try to forget each other, and so on—and since then, apparently, he hadn't written again.

It occurred to me that if I simply kept to myself what I'd just discovered, my sister could remain, to the end, a pure and unsullied young maiden. No one knows, I told myself, and this heart alone shall bear the torment. But learning the truth only made me pity my sister even more; I imagined all sorts of outrageous things, and I myself felt a bittersweet sort of ache in my heart, a suffocating, horrible kind of feeling that no one but a girl coming of age can ever understand. It was a living hell, and I suffered it alone, as if it were I who'd had that dreadful experience. I was really not quite myself in those days, you see.

"Read it, won't you?" my sister said. "I haven't the slightest idea what it's all about."

Her dishonesty at that moment was thoroughly repellent to me.

"Are you sure it's all right?" I asked quietly, my fingers shaking in a most discomfiting manner as I took the letter. I knew what it said without opening and reading it. But I had to pretend otherwise. I read it aloud, scarcely looking at the pages.

Today I must ask your forgiveness. My lack of self-confidence is all that has kept me from writing sooner. I am a poor and incompetent man. There is nothing I can do to help you. All I have to give you are words. My words contain not the slightest shadow of falsehood, but they

are, nonetheless, only words. I began to hate myself for my powerlessness, my inability to offer you anything more as evidence of my love for you. I haven't forgotten you for a single moment, not even in my dreams. But I can do nothing for you. It was the pain of this realization that made me decide we must part. The greater your misfortune and the deeper my love for you, the more difficult it is for me to approach you. Can you understand that? You mustn't think I'm merely making excuses. I believed I was doing the right thing. But I was mistaken. I know now that I was wrong. Forgive me. I only wanted, in my selfishness, to be the ideal man for you. We are solitary, powerless creatures, but I now believe that only by sending these faithful and honest, if inadequate, words can I hope to live a life of truth and humility and beauty. It's not a matter of how great or how insignificant what I can offer you may be. Have I nothing to give you but a single dandelion? Then I shall send it to you, without shame—such, I realize now, is the most courageous, the most manly course of action. I will not run from you again. I love you. Each and every day I shall write you a poem and send it to you. And this, too: each and every day I shall stand outside your garden fence and whistle. I'll be there tomorrow evening at six o'clock, whistling the "Battleship March." I'm a good whistler, you know. This much, at least, I can do for you without difficulty. You mustn't laugh at me. No, on second thought, please do. Be happy. God is

somewhere, surely, watching over us. I believe that. You and I are both His children. We're certain to have a lovely marriage.

I waited and waited
To see them in blossom:
This year's peaches.
I'd heard they were white—
These flowers are crimson.

My studies are going well. Everything is fine. Until tomorrow.

— M.T.

"I know what you did," my sister said in a clear, soft voice. "Thank you. You wrote this letter, didn't you?"

I was so ashamed I felt like tearing my hair and ripping the letter into a thousand pieces. Distraught—I guess that's the word. I *had* written the letter. I just couldn't bear to see my sister suffer like that, and I intended to write a letter every day, imitating M.T.'s handwriting, and to include in each one a painstakingly poor attempt at a *waka* poem. And, yes, I meant to stand outside the fence each evening at six o'clock and whistle for her, until the day she died.

I felt so foolish, having gone so far as to compose

bad poetry in my deception, that I was utterly beside myself, unable even to respond.

"You needn't worry." My sister, remarkably calm and composed, smiled an almost sublimely beautiful smile. "You saw the letters I had tied in that green ribbon, didn't you? They...they weren't real. You see, I was so lonely that a year ago last fall I began writing those letters and sending them to myself. Please don't think me foolish. Youth is an awfully precious thing. I've really come to understand that since I fell ill. I know that writing letters to yourself is a wretched thing to do. Perfectly vile. And foolish. But I really wish I'd had a chance to do something bold and reckless with a gentleman friend. I would have liked someone to hold me tightly in his arms. Not only have I never had a lover, I've never even talked with a man—outside our immediate circle, I mean. You haven't either, have you? That was our mistake. We were too sensible. Ah, I hate the thought of dying. My poor hands, my poor fingertips, my poor hair. I don't want to die. I don't!"

I was so sad, and afraid, and happy, and ashamed—so full of emotions that I didn't know what I was feeling—and I put my arms around her and pressed her hollow cheek against my own, my eyes brimming with tears.

And that's when I heard it. It was a faint, soft

sound, but there was no mistaking it: someone whistling the "Battleship March." My sister heard it, too; she turned her head and listened. I took a look at the clock and—ah!—it was just six. Overwhelmed by a nameless fear, we both sat perfectly still, hugging each other tightly, as that uncanny tune continued from beyond the cherry trees in the garden.

There is a God, there really is. I was sure of it then. My sister died three days later. The end came so quietly, and so suddenly, that even the doctor seemed mystified. But I wasn't surprised. Everything, I believed, was according to God's will.

Now...Well, now I'm an old woman with all sorts of shameful, selfish desires. Perhaps my faith isn't as strong as it once was. I've come to wonder if that wasn't my father whistling. He might have returned early from school that day and been standing in the next room, listening to us. Pity might have moved him to contrive that little deception—an impetuous act a strict and serious man like him might perform but once in a lifetime. That's what I think sometimes, but...no, it's awfully hard to imagine. If Father were still alive, I could ask him, but it's been some fifteen years since he passed away. No, surely it was the work of God.

At least, it would set my heart at ease to believe that. But as I've got older, I've come to have all

these earthly desires, and I know it's a bad thing, but my faith just isn't as strong as it once was.

Run, Melos!

Melos was enraged. He resolved to do whatever he must to rid the land of that evil and ruthless king. Melos knew nothing of politics. He was a mere shepherd from an outlying village who spent his days playing his flute and watching over his sheep. But Melos was a man who felt the sting of injustice more deeply than most.

Before dawn this very day, Melos had left his village to travel some ten leagues, over plains and mountains, to the city of Syracuse. Melos had no mother or father, nor a wife of his own. He lived with his younger sister, a shy girl of sixteen who was soon to be wed to a certain true and honest herdsman. It was to purchase his sister's wedding dress and the food and drink for the wedding feast that Melos had undertaken the long journey to the city. He had made his purchases and was now strolling down one of the main streets of the capital, on his way to visit his friend Selinuntius, a close com-

rade since childhood. Selinuntius was living in Syracuse, where he worked as a stonemason. Some time had passed since they had last met, and Melos was looking forward to the visit. As he walked along, however, he began to notice something odd about the atmosphere of the city. It was strangely hushed and quiet. The sun had already set, and the streets, quite naturally, were dark, but the mournful mood that hung over the city was somehow more than the mere advent of night could account for. Melos was by nature easygoing and carefree, but now he began to feel apprehensive. Stopping a young man on the street, he asked if some misfortune had befallen the city, adding that on his previous visit, some two years before, the streets even at night had been filled with people laughing and singing and bustling cheerfully about. The young stranger only shook his head and hurried on. A bit farther along, Melos met an elderly man and asked the same question, this time with greater urgency. The old man said nothing. Only when Melos took him by the shoulders and shook him, repeating the question, did he finally reply, whispering as if fearful of being overheard.

"The king is putting people to death."

"For what reason?"

"He says they are full of evil intent. Of course, it isn't true."

"Has he killed many?"

"Yes. The first was his sister's husband. Next was the prince, his own son and heir. Then his sister and her child. Then his wife, the queen. Then his vassal, the wise Alekis...

"Shocking. Has he gone mad?"

"No, he is not mad, but he says that no one is to be trusted. Recently he has grown suspicious of his retainers, and has commanded the more affluent of them to yield up to him one hostage. The punishment for refusal is death by crucifixion. Six have been executed today."

Hearing this, Melos was enraged. "What sort of king is this?" he cried. "He must not be allowed to live!"

Melos was a simple man. With his purchases still slung over his shoulder, he made his way to the castle and stole inside. He was soon caught by the guards, however, who bound him hand and foot. The uproar only increased when, as Melos was being searched, a dagger was found in his pocket. He was dragged before the king.

"What would you with this dagger of yours?" the tyrant Dionysius demanded with quiet majesty. "Speak!"

"I would deliver the city from the hands of a tyrant," Melos fearlessly replied.

"You?" The king smiled condescendingly. "Piti-

ful little man. What do you know of my pain and solitude?"

"Stop!" Melos shot back, flushed with anger. "To doubt the hearts of men is the greatest, most shameful of evils. And you, my king, doubt the loyalty of your subjects."

"Do you not prove my suspicion warranted? Men are not to be trusted. What are men but lumps of selfishness and greed? To take them at their word is to invite ruin." The king spoke these words softly, with composure, and now he sighed. "Do you not think that I myself desire peace?"

"Peace? And for what end? To protect your throne?" Now it was Melos who smiled, with scorn. "What peace is there in the murder of innocent people?"

"Silence, peasant." The king raised his head. "Such fine words slip easily from your lips. But I, unfortunately for you, am one whose gaze penetrates the hearts of men. Soon you, too, when nailed to the cross, will weep and wail and beg for mercy. Expect none from me."

"Ah, such a wise king. Small wonder you bear such great love for yourself. As for me, I am prepared for death. I'll not beg for my life. But..." Melos hesitated, casting his eyes downward. "But if you would grant me one request, I ask that you delay the execution for three days. I wish to see my

only sister wed. Grant me three days to go back to my village and attend to the wedding festivities. I shall, without fail, return here before the third day is ended."

"Fool." A dry, raspy chuckle escaped the tyrant's lips. "Such preposterous lies. Does a wild bird, once released, return to its cage?"

"I *will* return," Melos insisted, his voice desperate with emotion. "I am a man of my word. Three days is all I ask. My sister awaits me even now. But since you so distrust me, very well, then...There lives in this city a stonemason named Selinuntius. He is to me a peerless friend. I shall leave him here as hostage. If I should flee, if by sundown of the third day I have not returned, then you may hang him on the cross in my stead."

The king mused, and smiled with cruel cunning. The impudence of this peasant. Of course he would not return. Perhaps, however, it would be amusing to pretend to be deceived and to set him free. Nor would it be a disagreeable task, on the third day, to have the other executed in his place. To watch the hostage's crucifixion with a sorrowful countenance, as if to say: Behold him—proof that men cannot be trusted. Would it not be a proper lesson for the so-called honest men of the world?

"So be it. Let the hostage be sent for. You are to return before sundown of the third day. Should

you be late, the hostage shall die. Yes, you would do well to come a bit late: you will be absolved forever of your crime."

"What! What are you saying?"

"Ha, ha! Be late, if you value your life. I know your heart."

Melos could only stamp his foot in vexation. He had no more use for words.

Late that night, Selinuntius was brought to the castle. There, in the presence of the tyrant Dionysius, the two bosom friends greeted each other for the first time in two years. Melos explained everything. Selinuntius nodded silently and embraced him. For the two true friends, that was enough. Selinuntius was bound with ropes. Melos, free, set out at once. The early summer sky was brimming with stars.

All night Melos ran, racing the ten leagues back to his village without stopping to sleep. He arrived on the morning of the following day. The sun was already high, and the villagers had begun their day's work in the fields. Melos's younger sister was watching the sheep in his absence. She was startled and full of concern when she saw him staggering toward her, exhausted, and she deluged him with questions.

"It's nothing." Melos forced a smile. "I've left some unfinished business in the city. I must return

there soon. We shall hold the wedding feast tomorrow. I trust you'll have no objection to hurrying things along?"

A blush colored his sister's cheeks.

"Are you glad? I brought a beautiful dress for you to wear. Now go and spread the word among the villagers. The wedding will be tomorrow."

So saying, Melos staggered off toward his house. Once there, he prepared the altar and arranged tables and chairs for the feast. No sooner was this done than he collapsed to the floor and fell into a sleep as deep as death.

It was night when Melos awoke. He leaped to his feet and rushed off to the house of the groom. He found him at home and explained that circumstances had arisen that forced him to request that the wedding be held the following day. The young herdsman was surprised and protested that it was too soon, that he had not made any arrangements, and asked Melos to wait until the grapes were harvested. Melos insisted that no delay was possible, that it must be tomorrow. The groom, too, was adamant in his refusal. They argued and pleaded with each other until dawn, when, after much coaxing, Melos finally persuaded the young man to agree.

The marriage rites were performed at noon. Just as the bride and groom were concluding their oaths

to the gods, the sky grew dark with clouds. Scattered raindrops fell, and these soon gave way to a torrential downpour. The guests thought this an unfortunate omen, but they shrugged it off and made themselves be of good cheer. Soon, in spite of the sultry, oppressive heat inside the little house, they were all merrily singing and clapping their hands. Melos, too, was beaming with pleasure, and was even able to forget, for the moment, his promise to the king. The revelry only increased once night had fallen, and now the guests were all but oblivious to the downpour outside. Ah, to live forever this way, among these good people, thought Melos. But he knew it was not to be. His life was no longer his own, and he steeled himself in his resolve to return to Syracuse. But there was time enough before sundown of the following day. He would leave as soon as he'd had a short sleep. The rain, too, may have eased by then, he thought. Even men such as Melos are reluctant to part with those they love, and each extra moment spent relaxing in his own home was precious to him. He drew near the bride, who throughout the feast had been sitting in a daze, as if intoxicated with joy.

After congratulating her, Melos said, "I'm very tired, and, with your leave, I'll be off to sleep. As soon as I awake, I must depart for the city. I have vital business there. You now have a gentle, under-

standing husband to care for you. Even when I am gone, you will not be alone. What your brother despises most in this world is distrust of others, and deceit. You know that, don't you? You and your husband must keep no secrets from each other. That's all I want to say to you. Your brother is, perhaps, a man of worth. Be proud of him."

The bride only nodded dreamily. Melos then turned to the groom, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Neither of us had time to make the proper arrangements. The only treasures I have are my sister and my flock of sheep. They are yours. I ask only this in return—that you always take pride in having become the brother of Melos."

The groom, not knowing how to respond, fidgeted shyly with his hands. Melos smiled and, bowing slightly to bid the company farewell, left the banquet. He went to the sheep pen outside, where he fell into a deathlike sleep.

He awoke the next day at dawn. Great gods!—he thought, leaping to his feet—have I overslept? No, it is early yet. If I leave now I'll arrive with time to spare. Today, at all costs, I must show the king that men can, and will, be true to their word. Then I shall climb upon the cross with a smile.

Calmly, deliberately, Melos began to prepare for his journey. The rain appeared to have let up somewhat, and no sooner had he finished his

preparations than he braced himself, dashed outside, and began to run with all the swiftness of an arrow in flight.

This evening I will be killed. I run to meet my own death. I run to save my friend, who waits in my stead. I run to deal a blow to the wicked heart of the king. I have no choice but to run. And I will be killed. Youth, honor is thine to preserve!

It was not easy for Melos. Several times he nearly came to a halt, and had to reproach himself loudly as he ran. He left the village behind, crossed a stretch of plain, and made his way through a forest. By the time he reached the next village, the rain had stopped, the sun was high, and the day grew hot. Melos wiped the sweat from his forehead with his fist. Now that he'd got this far, he was no longer prey to distracting thoughts of home and village.

My sister and her husband will be happy together. There is nothing now to weigh upon my mind. I need only run straight for the castle of the king. Nor need I hurry so, at that. I can walk at a leisurely pace and still be in time.

Melos slowed to a stroll and began to sing, in a beautiful voice, a little song he loved. He walked two leagues, three leagues, at an easy gait. But when he was nearly halfway to the city, an unforeseeable disaster brought him to a halt. Look there! The heavy rains of the day before had caused

the mountain springs to overflow, the brooks and streams to swell, their dark, turbid waters to rush down the slopes and fill the riverbed, where, with one powerful, roaring surge, they had swept away the bridge, smashing its beams to pieces. Melos stood and stared in stunned disbelief. He looked up and down the riverbank and called out at the top of his lungs; but there was not a boat nor a ferryman in sight. The river was still rising, tossing about like a restless sea. Melos collapsed on the bank, weeping, and raised his arms in an appeal to his god.

"Stay, O Zeus, this raging current! Already the sun is at its zenith. If, by the time it sinks from sight, I have not reached the castle gate, my faithful friend must die for me!"

As if scornful of Melos's cries, the dark waters swelled and raged with even greater violence. Wave swallowed wave, swirling and crashing, and Melos could only watch as the moments fled. At last his despair turned to daring. He had no choice but to try to swim across.

"Gods! I call you to witness the power of love and truth that will not bow to these fierce waters!"

Melos dived into the current and began his desperate struggle with the tumultuous waves that lashed and squirmed about him like countless giant serpents. With all the strength he could summon, he cleaved his way through the surging, whirling

rapids like a ferocious lion in battle. And perhaps the gods, on seeing this heroic display, were moved to compassion. Even as Melos was tossed and swept along by the wild current, he somehow managed to reach the opposite bank and cling to the trunk of a tree there. He climbed ashore, shook the water from his body with a mighty shudder, and hurried on. There was not a moment to lose. The sun was already inclining toward the west. His breathing heavy and labored, he ran up the mountain toward the pass. Only when he reached the top did he pause to catch his breath, and it was then that, out of nowhere, a band of mountain brigands appeared on the path before him.

"Halt."

"What is this? I must be at the castle of the king before sundown. Let me go."

"Not till we have your valuables, we won't."

"I have nothing. Nothing but my life. And today I must offer that up to the king."

"It's that life of yours we'll have, then."

"Wait. Can it be that the king sent you to stop me?"

The brigands made no reply but lifted their clubs in the air. Melos dropped nimbly into a crouch, pounced upon the man nearest him, and quickly wrestled his club away.

"I would not harm you but for the righteousness

of my cause!" Melos shouted, and with three furious, savage strokes of the club, three brigands lay dead. As the others recoiled in fear, Melos broke away and sprinted down the mountain path.

He reached the foot of the mountain in a single dash, but then exhaustion began to take its toll. The afternoon sun was now shining full in his face with its fierce, blazing heat. Waves of dizziness swept over him, and again and again he fought the feeling off until, staggering a final two or three steps, his knees gave out and he fell to the ground. He could not get up. He lay on his back, weeping bitterly.

Ah, Melos, you've made it this far. You've swum the raging river, laid three bandits low, and run like Hermes himself. Brave and true Melos, how shameful to lie here now, too exhausted to move. Soon your beloved friend will pay with his life for his trust in you. O unfaithful one, are you not just as the king suspected?

Thus Melos ranted at himself, but all his strength was gone. He lay sprawled out in a green field beside the road, and could make no more progress than a worm that crawls. When the body is fatigued, the spirit, too, grows weak. Nothing matters now, he told himself, as a sulky petulance, so unbecoming a hero, found its way into his heart.

I've done my best. I had not the slightest inten-

tion of breaking my promise. As the gods are my witness, I taxed my powers to the utmost. I am not an unfaithful man. Ah, could I but cut open this breast that you might see the crimson of my heart, whose very lifeblood is love and truth. But my strength has left me, my spirit is exhausted. Cursed be my fate! My name will be an object of ridicule. If I am to collapse here now, it will be as though I'd done nothing in the first place. I deceived my friend. Nothing matters now. Was this to be my destiny, then? Forgive me, Selinuntius. You were constant in your trust in me. Nor have I deceived you. You and I were good, true friends. Never did either of us harbor in his breast the dark clouds of doubt. Even now, you patiently await my return. Ah, I know you are waiting. Thank you, Selinuntius. You trusted me, and trust between friends is life's greatest treasure. I cannot bear to think of it. I ran, Selinuntius. I had not the slightest intention of deceiving you. Please believe me! I overcame the raging river. I escaped the brigands who surrounded me, and ran to the foot of the mountain without a moment's rest. Who but I could have made it this far?

Ah, but expect no more of me now. Forget about me. Nothing matters any more. I am defeated. A disgrace. Laugh at me. The king whispered that I'd do well to arrive late. If I did so, he would kill the

hostage, he said, and spare my life. I despised him for that. But now look at me: am I not doing exactly as he suggested? I will arrive late. The king will take it for granted that I did so intentionally. He will laugh at me and send me on my way, a free man. That, for me, is a fate worse than death. I will be branded a traitor forever, the greatest ignominy known to man. No, Selinuntius, I too shall die. You and you alone will believe my heart was true. Let me die with you.

But have I the right? Should I not live on, in corruption and wickedness? I have my home in the village. I have my sheep. Surely my sister and her husband would not drive me from my home. Righteousness, trust, love—are they not merely words? We kill others that we may live. That is the way of the world. And how futile it all is. I am a vile, deceitful traitor. Whatever I do is of no importance. Alas!

As Melos lay with arms and legs flung out on the ground, sleep began to overcome him. But then, suddenly, a murmuring sound reached his ears. Raising his head slightly, he held his breath and listened. The sound came from somewhere nearby. Rising falteringly to his hands and knees, he saw it—water gurgling quietly out of a crevice in the rocks. The stream seemed to whisper to Melos, to beckon to him, and he bent over it and drank,

scooping up the water with both hands. He let out a long, deep sigh, and felt as if he were awakening from a dream. He could go on. He would go on. As his body began to revive, a small spark of hope was kindled in his heart. The hope that he could fulfill his duty. The hope that he could preserve his honor by dying at the executioner's hands. The red, declining sun shone so brightly that it seemed to set the leaves and branches of the trees afire.

There is still time before sunset. Someone waits for me. Patiently, never doubting me, he waits for my return. I have his trust. My life? It counts for nothing. But this is no time to seek forgiveness with my own death. I must prove worthy of this trust. That, for now, is everything. Run, Melos!

He trusts me. He trusts me. That whispering of demons a moment ago was just a dream. A bad dream. Banish it from your mind. Men will have such dreams when the flesh is weary. There is no shame in that, Melos. You are a man of true valor. Have you not risen, are you not running again? Praise the gods. I can die the death of a righteous man. Ah, the sun sinks. How rapidly it sinks! Wait, O Zeus. I have been an honest man in life. Allow me to be as honest in death.

Pushing aside the people who crowded the road, sending some of them flying, Melos ran like a dark wind. He startled a crowd of revelers gathered for a

feast in a grassy meadow by dashing recklessly through their midst. Kicking dogs out of his way and leaping over streams, he ran ten times as fast as the sinking sun. It was as he passed a group of travelers walking the opposite way that he chanced to hear these ominous words: "That man will be on the cross by now."

"That man." It is for that man that I run. That man must not die. Faster, Melos. You must not be late. Now is the time to prove the power of love and truth.

Stripping himself nearly naked—for appearances meant nothing to him now—Melos ran on. He was barely able to breathe, and twice or three times he coughed up blood. But look. There, small in the distance, the towers of Syracuse. The towers, shining in the setting sun.

"Ah, it's Melos, is it not?" A voice like a groan reached his ears along with the sound of the wind.

"Who speaks?" said Melos, without breaking stride.

"My name is Philostratus, sir, apprentice to your friend Selinuntius." The young man ran behind Melos, shouting his words. "You're too late, sir. It's hopeless. You needn't run now. You can no longer help him."

"The sun has yet to set."

"Even now he is being prepared for execution.

You're too late, sir. Alas. If only you had come but moments sooner!"

"The sun has yet to set." Melos felt as if his heart would burst. His eyes were fixed on the huge, red sun on the western horizon. There was nothing to do but run.

"Enough, sir. Stay, I beg you. It is your life that is important now. My master believed in you. Even when they dragged him onto the execution ground, he remained unconcerned. And when the king mocked and taunted him, all he said was, 'Melos will come.' His faith in you was unshaken to the end."

"That is why I must run. I run because of that faith, that trust. Whether I make it in time is not the question. Nor is it merely a question of one man's life. I am running because of something immeasurably greater and more fearsome than death. Run with me, Philostratus!"

"Ah, is it madness that drives you, then? Very well, sir, run! Run for all you are worth. Perhaps, just perhaps, there may still be time. Run!"

Nor could anything have made him stop. The sun had yet to set. Summoning up his last, desperate reserves of strength, Melos ran on. Not a single thought passed through his head. He ran, propelled by some immense, unnameable force. The sun, meanwhile, sank lazily below the horizon,

and just as the last, lingering ray of light was about to vanish, Melos, riding the wings of the wind, burst onto the execution ground. He'd made it.

"Hold, executioner. Spare that man. Melos has returned, as promised." From the back of the great throng that had gathered, Melos tried to shout these words. All that issued from his parched, constricted throat, however, was a harsh whisper, and no one in the multitude took heed of his arrival. The cross was already in place, looming high above the crowd, and Selinuntius, bound with ropes, was being hoisted slowly upon it. Melos, with one final, courageous burst of strength, pushed his way through the crowd, much as he'd earlier parted the turbulent waves of the river.

"Executioner! It is I! I am the one to be put to death. I am Melos. Melos, who left this man as surety, is standing before you!" Struggling to make his hoarse voice heard, Melos climbed upon the platform that supported the cross and flung his arms around the legs of his friend.

A stir ran through the crowd. From all sides rose cries of "Praise be!" and "Free him!" Selinuntius was lowered to the platform and released from his bonds.

"Selinuntius," said Melos, his eyes brimming with tears. "Hit me. Strike me as hard as you can. For one moment, on my way here, a bad dream

overcame me. If you won't strike me, I haven't the right to embrace you. Hit me, Selinuntius!"

Selinuntius seemed to understand. He nodded, and dealt Melos's right cheek such a blow that the sound of it echoed over the execution ground. Then he smiled gently.

"Melos," he said. "Hit *me*. Strike me as hard and as resoundingly as I've just struck you. Once during the past three days, I doubted you. Just once, but for the first time in my life. If you won't strike me, I cannot embrace you."

Melos's hand flew through the air and crashed against Selinuntius's cheek.

"Thank you, my friend!" Melos and Selinuntius spoke the words as one, embraced tightly, and sobbed aloud with joy.

From the crowd, too, came sobs. The tyrant Dionysius, perched on his seat behind the crowd, stared intently at the two friends for some time. Then he walked quietly to where they stood. His face flushed as he spoke.

"Your wish has been fulfilled. You have subdued my heart. Trust between men is not just an empty illusion. I, too, would be your friend. Say you will let the league of love be three."

Cheers and shouts of "Long live the king!" arose from the crowd. And out of the cheering throng, a young maiden stepped forward bearing a red cloak.

When she held the cloak out to Melos, he could only look at it in bewilderment. His friend, true Selinuntius, was quick to explain.

"Look at you, Melos—your clothes are gone. Put on the cloak. This pretty maiden can't bear to have everyone see you that way."

A scarlet blush mantled the hero's cheek.

(from an ancient legend, and a poem by Schiller)

Eight Scenes from Tokyo

—For those who suffer.

It's a dreary little mountain village in southern Izu with nothing but hot springs to recommend it. Maybe a total of thirty houses. One would expect lodging to be inexpensive in such a desolate place, and it was for that reason alone that I'd chosen it. I arrived on July 3, 1940. At the time, my finances were such that I could enjoy a certain amount of breathing space. That's not to say, however, that the future was anything but bleak. For all I knew, I might suddenly find myself unable to write. Two months of producing nothing and I'd be right back where I started—penniless. It was a limited, pitiful sort of breathing space when I thought about it, but it was a breathing space, something I hadn't experienced in ten years.

I first moved to Tokyo in the spring of 1930. Not long afterwards I began sharing a house with a woman named H. Each month I received a generous allowance from my eldest brother back

home, but although H. and I constantly cautioned each other against extravagance, we inevitably had to pawn something or other by the end of the month, fools that we were. It was to be six years before I parted with H. I was left with a futon, a desk, an electric lamp, a wicker portmanteau—and ominously large debts. Two years later, through the gracious offices of a certain mentor of mine, I took part in a run-of-the-mill arranged marriage. Two more years had passed, and now, for the first time, I was able to take a bit of a breather. I'd published nearly ten volumes of my paltry work, and I had the feeling that if I simply applied myself assiduously to writing, and submitted things to editors whether invited to or not, I'd be able to sell, say, two out of every three pieces. From now on this was going to be a real, grown-up job, devoid of any sort of romantic charm. Still, I wanted to write only what I wanted to write.

Pitiful and tenuous as this breathing space was, I was thrilled to have it. It would allow me at least a month of writing what I liked without having to worry about money. The reality of such good fortune was hard to accept, and the uneasy blend of rapture and anxiety it inspired only served to prevent me from getting down to work, much to my distress.

"Eight Scenes from Tokyo." I'd long intended to find the time to write that story, slowly and painstakingly. In painting those scenes, I hoped to depict my ten years of life in Tokyo. I'm thirty-two this year. According to the standard Japanese view of things, that puts me on the verge of middle age. I consult my own flesh, my own passions, and find myself, alas, unable to deny it. Mark this well: your youth is gone. You're a grave and solemn-faced man in his thirties. "Eight Scenes from Tokyo." I would write that, a farewell to my youth, without pandering to anyone.

"He's grown more and more plebeian, hasn't he?" I sometimes get wind of such mindless backbiting, and each time I do, I hear my heart's vehement response: I was plebeian from the beginning. You didn't notice? You've got it all backwards. When I prepared to make literature my life's work, the fools agreed I'd be easily dealt with. I could only smile to myself. Perennial youth is the realm of the actor. It doesn't exist in the world of letters.

"Eight Scenes from Tokyo." Now, I thought, was the time to write it. I had no pressing assignments. I was more than a hundred yen ahead. This was no time for fooling around, pacing my narrow room, sighing contorted sighs of rapture and anxiety. I must be constantly on the advance.

I bought a large map of Tokyo and boarded the train for Maibara at Tokyo Station. This wasn't to be a pleasure trip. I was going to carve out a monument of once-in-a-lifetime importance. Or so I kept telling myself. At Atami I transferred to a train bound for Itō, from Itō I boarded a bus for Shimoda, and, after a bouncy ride south along the eastern coast of the Izu Peninsula, I got off at this miserable thirty-shack mountain village. Surely lodging wouldn't be more than three yen a night in a place like this. Four inns—all of them shabby, depressing little affairs. I chose the F—— Inn, somehow under the impression that it might be slightly less objectionable than the others. A coarsely mannered, mean-spirited chambermaid showed me upstairs, and, when I saw the room, I felt, in spite of my years, like crying. I remembered the room I'd had in a boardinghouse in Ogikubo some three years before. Even in Ogikubo, that boardinghouse was the lowest of the low. But the six-mat space I was shown at this inn was even more wretched and miserable.

"Is this the only room you have?"

"Yes. All the others are taken. But this room is nice and cool."

"Is it."

Every indication was that I was being taken for a fool. Perhaps it was my clothing.

"The rates are four yen or three-fifty, depending. Lunch is separate."

"Make it three-fifty. I'll let you know whenever I want lunch. I have some studying to do, and I'll be staying about ten days."

"Can you wait a moment?" She went downstairs and returned shortly to say, "I'm afraid if it's a long stay, we'll have to ask for the money in advance."

"I see. How much shall I give you?"

"Well," she mumbled falteringly, "any amount would be..."

"How about fifty yen."

"Mmm."

I laid all my bills out on the desk, exasperated.

"Here, take it all. There's ninety yen there. I'll buy cigarettes with what I've got left in my purse." Why, I thought, had I come to a place like this?

"Thank you." She gathered up the bills and left.

You mustn't get angry, I told myself. There's important work to be done. I forced myself to suppose that the reception I'd just been given was all a man in my position was due, and dug pen, ink, and paper out of the bottom of my trunk.

This, then, was where my first breathing space in ten years got me. But this wretchedness, too, was ordained by fate, I solemnly reminded myself, and settled down to work.

This wasn't to be a pleasure trip. A difficult task

lay before me. That night, under the dim electric lamp, I unfolded my big map of Tokyo and spread it out on the desk.

How many years had it been since I'd spread out a map of Tokyo? Ten years ago, when I first started living in the city, I was ashamed even to buy such a map for fear that doing so would brand me a country bumpkin, and it was only after much vacillation that I finally made up my mind and bought one, asking for it in a deliberately churlish and self-deprecating tone of voice. Having succeeded in buying the thing, I stuffed it in my pocket and stomped back to my boardinghouse. That night, too, I had shut myself up in my room and quietly spread out the map. Red, green, yellow—like a lovely painting. I held my breath and gazed at it. The Sumida River. Asakusa. Ushigome. Akasaka. It was all there. And I could get to any of these places in no time at all, whenever I wanted. I felt as if I were beholding something miraculous.

Now, with the outline of Tokyo, like a mulberry leaf partially eaten by silkworms, spread out before me, all that came to mind were images of the people there and their different ways of life. To this charmless, featureless plain, people from all over Japan roll up in droves to push and shove and sweat, to fight for an inch of ground, to live lives of alternating joy and sorrow, to regard one another

with jealous, hostile eyes, females crying out to males, males merely strutting about in a frenzy. Suddenly, out of the blue and apropos of nothing, these doleful lines from the novel *Umoregi* flashed into my mind.

"And love?

"To behold a beautiful dream, and behave in a manner most foul."

Words that have nothing in particular to do with Tokyo.

Totsuka. This is where I first stayed. The youngest of my elder brothers was renting a house here and was studying sculpture. I had graduated from Hirosaki Higher School that year, 1930, and enrolled in the French department at Tokyo Imperial University. I couldn't understand a word of French, yet I wanted to listen to lectures on French literature and had a vague sort of reverence for Professor Tatsuno Yutaka. I rented a room in the back of a newly built boardinghouse, three blocks from my brother's place. Though neither of us put it into words, we tacitly agreed that, brothers or not, there was a distinct possibility of unpleasantness if we were to live under the same roof, and so chose to live separately, albeit in the same section of Tokyo. Three months later, this brother of mine fell ill and died. He was twenty-seven. I continued

to lodge in the boardinghouse after his death. From my second semester on, I rarely attended classes. I was assisting, with cool indifference, in that shadowy movement which the world most held in horror. Scornfully, I dealt with the bombastic prose that claims to play a major role in that movement. I was, during that period, pure politician.

It was in the fall of that year that H., at my request, came from the country to join me. I'd met H. in the early autumn of my first year at Hirosaki Higher School and had continued to see her throughout my three years there. She was an innocent young geisha. I rented a room for her above a carpenter's shop in Higashi Komagata, in Honjo Ward. As yet I had never slept with her. My eldest brother came to Tokyo to discuss the problem this woman presented. The two of us, brothers who'd lost our father seven years before, sat talking in the dimly lit room in Totsuka. My brother wept to see the diabolical changes that had so abruptly come over his young sibling. I agreed to leave the woman in his hands, on the condition that she and I eventually be permitted to marry. Much greater than the suffering of the haughty younger brother who gave her up, no doubt, was that of the elder brother who took her away. I first slept with H. on her last night in Tokyo. The next day, my brother took her back home to the country.

Throughout it all, H. acted as if she were simply along for the ride. I received one letter, stating in stiff, officious language that she had arrived safely, and that was the last correspondence I had from her. She seemed terribly unconcerned, and that was a source of discontent for me. Here I am, I thought, sending all my relatives into shock, fighting for her though it means giving my own mother a taste of the horrors of hell, and she just sits back with her mindless self-assurance—it's despicable. She should write to me as often as once a day, I thought; she doesn't love me enough. But H. just didn't like to write letters. I gave up hope. From early morning till late at night I bustled about doing my job for the movement, never once refusing to do what I was asked. When I gradually became aware of the limits of my capabilities in that direction, it only served to double my sense of despair.

A woman in a bar behind the Ginza fell in love with me. There is a time in every man's life when people find him attractive. It's a vile, nasty time. I persuaded the woman to leap into the sea with me at Kamakura. When you're defeated, I thought, it's time to die. My work for that ungodly movement had begun to get the better of me. Simply for fear of being called a coward, I'd accepted more work than I was even physically capable of. And H. was think-

ing only of her own happiness. *You're not the only woman in the world. This is your punishment for not understanding how I suffer. Serves you right.*

Being alienated from my family was the hardest part. The most immediate cause of my suicide attempt was the realization that, because of my relationship with H., my mother, my brother, and even my aunt were thoroughly disgusted with me. I've written any number of times about the person who died. It's a black spot on my entire life. I was put in a detention cell. An investigation resulted in a stay of prosecution. This was near the end of 1930. My family treated with gentle kindness the younger brother who'd failed to die. My eldest brother paid off H.'s redemption fee, freeing her from the geisha house, and in February of the following year she was sent to me. My brother was always fastidious about keeping his word. H. arrived with a carefree look on her face. We rented a house in Gotanda, near the subdivision on the old Shimazu estate, for thirty yen a month. H. started working diligently. I was twenty-three; she was twenty.

Gotanda, my moron period. I was utterly without a will of my own. I hadn't the slightest desire to start life over again. I tried to humor and amuse those friends who occasionally came to call, and that was all I did. Far from being ashamed of my criminal record, I was actually rather proud of

it. It was truly a time of ignominious imbecility. I attended school only rarely. Despising all forms of exertion, I spent my days gazing indifferently at H.'s face. I was a fool. I did nothing. I slid back into my old activities with the movement, but there was no passion in it this time. The idle nihilist: that was me in my first house in Tokyo.

That summer we moved to Dōbōchō in Kanda. Then, in late autumn, to Izumichō, also in Kanda, and early the following spring to Kashiwagi in Yodobashi. Nothing worthy of mention happened. For a time I wrote *haiku*, using the pen name Shurindō. I was an old man. I was twice placed in detention cells as a result of my work for the movement. Each time I was released, I followed the advice of friends and changed houses. I felt neither enthusiasm nor abhorrence for what I was doing. My lethargy was such that I simply did whatever those around me thought best. H. and I spent our days in vapid indolence, two animals in a cave. She was in rare form. Two or three times a day she'd tear into me, using the foulest language, but afterwards she'd forget her anger entirely and sit down to study English. The English was my idea, and I'd made a study schedule for her, but she didn't seem to learn much. She got to where she could more or less sound out Roman letters, and then, at some point, she stopped. Even in her own language she was still

quite hopeless at carrying on correspondence. She just didn't like doing it. I had to write rough drafts of letters for her. She seemed to enjoy acting like an older sister to me. She was never overly distraught even when I was hauled off by the police, and some days she actually seemed thrilled with what she judged to be the heroism of that infamous ideology. Dōbōchō, Izumichō, Kashiwagi: I was twenty-four years old.

In late spring, not long after moving to Kashiwagi, it became necessary for me to move once more. I fled just as the police were about to call me in. This time it was a rather complicated affair. I invented a story to get my brother to send me two months' allowance at once, and used that money for moving. After dividing up my household effects and leaving them in the care of various friends, I found an eight-mat room above a lumber merchant's shop in Hatchōbori, Nihonbashi, and moved in with only what I had on me. I became a man named Ochiai Kazuo, a native of Hokkaidō. I was, quite naturally, miserable. I was very careful with what money I had, and tried to suppress my anxiety with the feckless reasoning that things would probably all work out somehow, but I was totally unprepared to face whatever might happen tomorrow. I couldn't do anything. From time to time I went to school and stretched out for hours

on the lawn in front of the lecture halls. On one such day, an economics student who'd graduated from the same higher school as I told me something that thoroughly repulsed me. Listening to him was like trying to swallow boiling water. Impossible, I thought, it can't be true. I even despised the fellow for telling me such a thing. All I would have to do to get at the truth would be to ask H. I hurried back to Hatchōbori, to our room above the lumber shop, but I found it difficult to broach the subject. It was an afternoon in early summer. The sun poured in through the western windows, and it was hot. I sent H. out for a bottle of Oraga beer. Oraga was twenty-five sen at the time. I drank that bottle and asked for another, and H. shouted at me. Being shouted at helped me pluck up my courage, and I managed to relate to her, in as casual a tone as possible, all I'd heard that day from the economics student. H. said the whole story "smelled green"—an expression from back home—and briefly furrowed her brow as if in anger. That was all; she then went on quietly sewing. There was no hesitation or ambiguity in her reaction. I believed her.

But that night I read the wrong book. Rousseau's *Confessions*. When I got to the part where Rousseau agonizes over his wife's past, I couldn't bear it. I began to doubt H.'s word. Questioning her again, I finally got her to spit it all out. Everything the

economics student had told me was true. In fact, it was even worse than he'd said, and I began to fear that if I kept digging I'd find there was no end. I told her I'd heard enough.

When it came to matters of this nature, I was hardly in a position to point the finger. What about that incident in Kamakura, after all? Nonetheless, my blood boiled. Until that day I had protected and cared for H. as my greatest treasure, my only real pride, my only joy. I'd been living my life for her. I sincerely believed I'd rescued her from the geisha house while she was still undefiled. I had gallantly accepted H.'s version of the facts and had even boasted to my friends that she'd managed to guard her chastity until we were together precisely because she was the spirited, willful woman she was. There were no words to describe how I now saw myself; not even "half-wit" fit the bill. The idiot son. I'd had no idea what kind of creature a woman was. I didn't hate H. for having deceived me. Listening to her confession, I even felt sorry for her and was tempted to stroke her gently on the back. It was a pity, that was all. I felt awful. It was as if my entire life had been smashed to bits. I felt, in short, that I couldn't go on. I turned myself in to the police.

I survived the prosecutor's investigation and was soon loose again on the streets of Tokyo. I had no

place to return to but H.'s room, and lost no time in going to her. It was a pathetic reunion: smiling cravenly at each other and weakly taking each other's hands. We moved from Hatchōbori to Shirogane Sankōchō, in Shiba Ward. We rented a one-room apartment that adjoined a large, empty house. My eldest brother, though utterly disgusted with me, quietly continued to send money from home. H. was in good spirits, as if nothing untoward had happened at all. I, however, appeared to be gradually awakening from my moronic daze. I composed my last will and testament, my suicide note. One hundred pages that I entitled "Memories." "Memories" is now considered my maiden work. I wanted to set down, without the least ornamentation, all the evil I'd done since childhood. This was in the autumn of my twenty-fourth year. I sat in the detached room gazing out at the abandoned garden overgrown with weeds, utterly devoid of the ability to laugh or smile. It was, once again, my intention to die. Call it affectation if you will. I was full of myself. I regarded life as a drama. Or, rather, I regarded drama as life. I was no longer of use to anyone. H., who had been all I could call my own, bore the marks of other hands. I hadn't a single thing to live for. I resolved that I, as one of the fools, one of the doomed, would faithfully play out the role in which fate had cast

me, the sad, servile role of one who inevitably loses out.

But life, as it turned out, wasn't drama. No one knows for sure what will happen in the second act. The character tagged for destruction sometimes stays around till the final curtain. I had written my little suicide note, the testament of my infancy and boyhood, the first-hand account of a hateful child, but that testament, rather than freeing me, became a burning obsession that cast a faint light into the empty darkness. I couldn't die yet. "Memories" alone wasn't enough. Having revealed that much, I now wanted to set it all down, to make a clean breast of my entire life until then, to confess everything. But there seemed no end to it. First I wrote about the incident at Kamakura. No good. That didn't say it all, somehow. I wrote another piece, and still I was unsatisfied. I sighed and began another. It was a series of little commas; the final period never came. I was already being devoured by that ever-beckoning demon. Trying to empty the sea with a teacup.

1933. I was twenty-five. I was supposed to graduate from university in March. Far from graduating, however, I didn't even sit for the examinations. My family back home was unaware of this. I'd done a lot of foolish things, but surely I wouldn't fail to graduate, surely I was not so un-

trustworthy as to deceive them on that score—or such seemed to be their unspoken expectation. I did a magnificent job of betraying them. I had no desire to graduate. But to deceive someone who trusts you is to enter a hell that can take you to the brink of madness. I lived in that hell for the next two years. I appealed to my eldest brother, telling him that next year, next year for certain, I'd graduate, and begging him to give me one more year; he did, and I betrayed him again. I was to do the same thing the following year. Determined to die, and suffering the fierce introspection and self-scorn and fear that that determination engendered, I lived on, engrossed in writing the series of self-centered tales that I called my suicide notes. As soon as this is finished, I told myself.

Perhaps those works were, in fact, nothing but callow, pretentious sentimentalism, but it was sentimentalism that I wrote with my life on the line. Whenever I finished a story, I placed it with the others in a large manila envelope. On the front, in ink, I brushed the words "Declining Years." That was the title I intended to give the collection of suicide notes. Meaning, of course, that the end was near.

A buyer had been found for the big vacant house in Shiba, and we had to move. My allowance from home had decreased considerably since I'd failed to

graduate from university, and I had to be even more frugal than before. Amanuma 3-chōme, in Suginami Ward. I rented a room on the second floor of the house of an acquaintance, a fine, upstanding citizen who worked for a newspaper company. I was to live under this man's roof for the next two years and to cause him no end of trouble and worry.

I had less intention of graduating than ever. I was a fool with a single compulsion—to finish that collection of stories. Fearful of being rebuked by my host and H., I bought time by lying, telling them I'd be able to graduate the following year. Once a week or so I put on my student's uniform and left the house. I'd go to the library, check out this book and that, leaf through them, toss them aside, doze off for a while or scribble a rough draft for a story, and when evening came I'd go back to Amanuma. Neither H. nor our host suspected anything. On the surface all was well, but inwardly I was in a desperate rush. Every moment counted. I wanted to finish my writing before my family stopped sending me money. Ah, but it was quite a battle. I'd write something, then tear it up. That demon was now gnawing hideously away at the very marrow of my bones.

A year passed. I didn't graduate. My family was furious, but I made my by now customary appeal.

Next year I would graduate no matter what, I unhesitatingly lied. There was no other way to keep the money coming. I could hardly tell anyone my true situation. I didn't want to create any accomplices. I wanted to be regarded as the archetypal prodigal son, acting entirely alone. I believed that only in this way could those around me avoid being implicated. "I just need one more year to finish my suicide note" was hardly the sort of thing one could say. To be tagged a self-complacent, poetic dreamer was the last thing I wanted. And if I'd come out with something as outrageous as that, my family would have been forced to stop sending me money whether they wanted to or not. If they knew my true intentions and continued to support me, the world might have accused them of helping me die. I wouldn't stand for that. I had to deceive them, to play to the hilt the part of the cunning and treacherous little brother—this, at least, was my rationalization, one that was conceived in absolute seriousness. Once a week I still put on my uniform and went to school. It was beautiful how H. and the newspaper fellow believed in my imminent graduation. I was backing myself into a corner. Day after day was black as night. I am not an evil man! To deceive others is to live in hell.

That spring, because 3-chōme was inconvenient for getting to his office, my acquaintance found a

new residence behind the marketplace in 1-chōme. It was near Ogikubo Station. He invited us to move in with him, and we rented a room on the second floor of the new house. I had trouble sleeping each night. I drank cheap saké. I coughed up prodigious amounts of phlegm. I thought I might be coming down with an illness of some sort, but that, of course, was neither here nor there. All I wanted was to finish the collection of works in that manila envelope as soon as possible. It was an egocentric, pretentious idea, I suppose, but I thought leaving that behind would be my way of apologizing to everyone. It was the very best I could do. By late autumn it appeared to be finished. Out of twenty-odd pieces I selected fourteen, and tossed the rest in with the pages I'd discarded. There was enough paper to fill a suitcase. I took it all out into the garden and burned it to ashes.

"Why? Why did you burn them?" H. asked me suddenly that night.

"Don't need them any more." I smiled.

"Why did you burn them?" she said again. She was crying.

I began putting my affairs in order. I returned the books I'd borrowed and sold my letters and notes to a scrap dealer. I slipped two letters into the "Declining Years" envelope. Now I seemed to be ready. Dreading the thought of sitting around face

to face with H., I went out each night to drink cheap saké.

It was at about this time that a friend from school asked me if I'd be interested in helping start a little literary magazine. I was more or less indifferent. I said I'd be willing to do it if he'd call the magazine "The Blue Flower." What started as a joke soon became a reality. Kindred spirits appeared from near and far. With two fellows in particular I became quite close. This is how I burned up, if you will, the last of my youthful passions. A mad dance on the eve of death. Together we'd get drunk and take apart feeble-minded students. There were fallen women we loved like our own flesh and blood. H.'s wardrobe was cleaned out before she knew it. *The Blue Flower*, a magazine of belles-lettres, came out in December. After only one issue, all the other members dispersed, fed up with our mad, directionless frenzy. That left only the three of us. We were dubbed "the three fools." But we three were friends for life. I learned a great deal from those two.

March of the next year came around; soon it would be graduation time again. I went for employment interviews at newspaper companies, and tried to show H. and the fellow we lived with that I was cheerfully looking forward to my graduation. Joking about how I was going to become a newspaper

reporter and lead a normal, mediocre life, I brought gaiety and laughter to our little household. My ruse would eventually be exposed, of course, but I wanted to maintain the illusion of peace and harmony even one day, even one moment, longer. Dreading above all the thought of giving people such a frightful shock, I acted out the temporizing lie as if my life depended on it. I was forever doing that: backing myself further into a corner as I contemplated my own death. Though it would all, in the end, be out in the open, the shock and rage only magnified by the deception, I could never bring myself to spoil the party by telling the truth, and thus I continued to sink deeper into the hell I'd created with my lies. I had no intention of entering a newspaper company and stood no chance of passing my examinations anyway. The foundation of my great imposture was about to crumble. The time had come to die. In mid-March, I went to Kamakura alone. It was 1935. I planned to hang myself in the mountains there.

This was the fifth year since I'd caused such a ruckus by jumping into the sea at Kamakura. Being able to swim, it wasn't easy for me to drown myself, so I chose hanging, which I'd heard was infallible. Humiliatingly enough, however, I botched it. I revived and found myself breathing. Perhaps my neck was thicker than most. I went back to

Amanuma in a sort of daze, with sore, red welts around my throat. I'd tried to prescribe my own fate and failed. But once I'd tottered home, I found a strange and marvelous world opening before me. H. greeted me at the door and patted me gently on the back. Everyone else, too, treated me with compassion. "Thank goodness, thank goodness," they said. I was dumbfounded, amazed at the kindness of people. My eldest brother was also waiting for me, having rushed to Tokyo. He berated me roundly, but I felt an overwhelming fondness for him. I don't think I'd ever experienced such wondrous feelings before.

A most unexpected fate was waiting to unfold. Only a few days later I developed an intense pain in my abdomen. I suffered through it for a day and a night without sleep, and used a hot water bottle to try to ease the pain. When I began to lose consciousness, a doctor was sent for. I was loaded, bedding and all, aboard an ambulance and taken to a hospital in Asagaya. I was operated on immediately. It was appendicitis. In addition to having waited too long to call a doctor, warming the area with a hot water bottle had only made it worse. Suppuration had spread to the peritoneum, and it was a difficult operation. Then, on the second day after surgery, I coughed up any number of blood clots: my chronic chest problems had suddenly surfaced

with a vengeance. I was now more dead than alive. Even the doctors had quite frankly given up hope for me. But the sinful, incorrigible patient began, little by little, to recover. Within a month, the incision on my stomach, at least, had healed. As a patient with an infectious disease, however, I was transferred to a hospital in Kyōdō. H. stayed at my side constantly. She laughingly reported that the doctor had told her she mustn't even kiss me.

The director of the hospital was a friend of my eldest brother's. I was given special care. We rented two large sickrooms and moved in with all our household effects. May, June, July...Just about the time the mosquitoes began to proliferate and white mosquito netting was hung over the beds, I moved, on the hospital director's orders, to Funabashi, near the seashore in Chiba. We rented a new house on the outskirts of town. The change of air was intended to help me recuperate, but this, too, turned out to be the wrong place for me. My life was undergoing a hellish upheaval. In the hospital in Asagaya, I'd acquired an odious habit, the use of a certain painkiller. The doctors had first given it to me to ease the pain when changing the dressing on my incision each morning and evening. Before long I couldn't sleep without the drug. I was extremely susceptible to the torment of insomnia, and was soon asking for injections at night. Since the doc-

tors there had given up hope for me, they were always kind enough to concede to my requests. When I was transferred to the Kyōdō hospital, I persistently implored the director there to let me have the drug. He would reluctantly give in about every third time I asked him. I no longer needed the stuff to eliminate physical pain, but to blot out my shame and ease my fretfulness. I no longer had the strength to withstand the misery in my own heart. After we moved to Funabashi, I complained to the town doctor of my insomnia and my need for the drug, and demanded a prescription. Later I coerced the timid fellow into giving me a certificate that allowed me to buy the drug directly from the pharmacy. Before I knew it, I was dismally addicted, and in no time at all I was hard up for money. My brother was sending me ninety yen a month for living expenses. Not surprisingly, he rejected my requests for a temporary increase. It stood to reason: what had I done to repay him for all his affection but toy with my own life in a completely reckless manner?

By autumn of that year, when I began occasionally to show myself in Tokyo, I presented the figure of a ragged and half-mad derelict. I remember it all, all the wretched scenes from that time. It's not something you forget. I was the basest, most reptilian young man in Japan. My reason for going to

Tokyo was always to borrow ten or twenty yen. I once wept at a meeting with a magazine editor. I had editors shout me down, angered by my importunacy. Nonetheless, I had, at the time, reason to believe I could sell some of the things I'd written. While I was lying in the hospitals in Asagaya and Kyōdō, I'd managed, with the help of friends, to get two or three of the "suicide notes" from that manila envelope published in good magazines, and the response—the words of support as well as those of denunciation—was too much for me; it only made me more confused and distraught. I sank deeper into my drug addiction and, driven to desperation by the various forms of agony I suffered, would brazenly walk into magazine offices and ask to see an editor, or even the president, from whom I would try to solicit an advance. I was so crazed by my own suffering that I became blind to the obvious fact that other people, too, were living for all they were worth. In the end I managed to sell all the stories in the envelope. Now I had nothing left to sell. I wasn't capable of producing something new right away. I'd exhausted my material.

The literary world pointed at me and said I had talent but lacked morality, but I believed it was the other way around: I had the seeds of morality, but no talent. I do not possess what is called "literary genius." I know no technique other than to ram

ahead with my entire being. I'm boorish and unrefined. One of those who adheres with misguided scrupulousness to the rigid ethic of earning one's own livelihood, who despairs of living up to that ethic and ends up behaving in the most shameless, self-degrading way. I was raised in a strictly conservative household. Debt was the worst of sins. To pay off my debts I went deeper in debt. To help blot out the humiliation I felt, I increased my dosages of the drug. My payments to the pharmacy did nothing but balloon. I remember walking the Ginza one day sobbing and whimpering in broad daylight. I wanted money. I had borrowed cash—at times "extorted" was more like it—from nearly twenty people. I couldn't die. Not till I'd paid back every last loan.

People stopped associating with me. A year after moving to Funabashi, in the fall of 1936, I was bundled into an automobile and taken to a hospital in Itabashi Ward, Tokyo. It was a mental hospital, and I awoke the next morning in one of the rooms there.

I stayed there a month, and was finally released on a sunny autumn afternoon. H. had come to meet me, and together we got into a taxi.

Though we hadn't seen each other for a month, we remained silent. We rode along for some time before H. spoke.

"You're through with drugs now, I hope." She sounded angry.

"From now on, I trust no one," I said. This was the only thing I'd learned in the hospital.

"That's right." Ever the practical one, H. seemed to interpret my words as having something to do with financial matters. She nodded emphatically. "You can't rely on people."

"I don't trust you, either."

She looked disconcerted and hurt.

While I was in the hospital, H. had moved our things out of the house in Funabashi and was now living in an apartment in Amanuma 3-chōme. I settled in there. I'd been commissioned to write manuscripts for two magazines, and I began writing the night I was released. I wrote the two pieces, collected my money, and set out for Atami, where I drank immoderately for a month. I was at a loss as to what to do. It had been arranged that I was to receive a monthly allowance from my brother for three more years, but I still had all the debts I'd accumulated before entering the hospital. I'd planned to get some good writing done in Atami and, with the money I got for it, to pay back those debts that weighed most heavily on my mind, but, far from being able to write anything, I found it so impossible to face up to the gloom and desolation around me that I could do nothing but drink. I was thoroughly

convinced of my own worthlessness as a man. As it turned out, all I accomplished in Atami was to get deeper in debt. Worthless, whatever I tried to do. I was utterly defeated.

I returned to the apartment in Amanuma and lay my body down, all hope abandoned. I was already twenty-nine, and I had nothing. One *dotera* to wear. H.'s possessions, too, were limited to the clothes on her back. I imagined we'd more or less reached the bottom. We lived in insectlike silence, completely dependent upon the money my brother sent each month.

But we had yet, as it turned out, to hit bottom. In early spring of that year, a rather close friend of mine, a Western-style painter, came to me to discuss something that took me completely by surprise. Listening to what he had to say, I felt as if I were suffocating. H. had erred, sadly.

I remembered how flustered she'd become at my offhand, abstract remark in the taxi the afternoon I was released from that accursed hospital. I had caused H. a lot of grief, but I'd always intended to stay with her till the day I died. Because I'm inept at expressing affection, however, neither H. nor the painter had understood this. It was one thing to hear the painter out, but quite another to know what to do. I didn't want anyone to get hurt. I was the oldest of the three parties involved, and I

wanted to remain calm and come up with the proper course of action for each of us, but in fact I was quite overwhelmed by it all and so lost my composure, became so faltering and tearful, as to invite scorn from both of them. I was incapable of action. As time went by, the painter gradually distanced himself from the situation. Even in the midst of my own agony, I couldn't help pitying H. She showed signs of wanting to do away with herself. I, too, was one who when things became hopeless thought of death. We would die together. Surely even God would forgive us. In a spirit of camaraderie, like brother and sister, we set out on a journey. Minakami Hot Springs That night, amid the mountains there, we attempted suicide. I was determined not to let H. die, and took some trouble to see that she didn't. H. survived. So did I, however, having been brilliant enough to botch things again. We'd used sleeping pills.

At long last H. and I parted. I hadn't the courage to try to hold her any longer. Some may say I deserted her. Fine. I could see the foul and ugly hell that awaited me were I to go on making a pretense of perseverance in the name of some empty humanistic ideal. H. went back to the country to live with her mother. I didn't know what became of the painter. I stayed on in the apartment alone. I learned to drink *shōchū*. My teeth began to decay

and fall out. My face became a gross and vulgar mask. I moved to a boardinghouse near the apartment. It was the lowest class of boardinghouse, and I felt it suited me. *This is my farewell look at the world/Standing at the gate in moonlight/Miles of withered fields/Lingering pines.* In my four-and-a-half-mat room I'd drink; drunk, I'd often step outside, lean against the front gate and mutter some such hodgepodge of poems.

No one associated with me except for two or three close friends with whom it was mutually difficult to part. Gradually I began to realize what the world at large thought of me. An ignorant, arrogant scoundrel; an imbecile; a base and cunning, lecherous dog; a con man pretending to genius, living the high life till he's hard up for money, then threatening the folks back home with phoney suicide attempts. I'd abused my virtuous wife, keeping her as one would a dog or a cat and finally throwing her out. These and other descriptions of my character were sneeringly, contemptuously circulated, and I was ostracized and treated as an outcast, a leper. Once I realized this, I stopped going out. In my room, on nights when I had nothing to drink, I would take a certain faint pleasure in munching on rice crackers and reading detective stories. Not a single assignment came from magazines or newspapers. Nor did I have any desire

to write. I wouldn't have been able to anyway. But the debts I'd acquired during my sickness...No one pressed me to repay them, but those debts tormented me even in my dreams. I had now reached thirty.

I wonder what the turning point was. What was it that made me decide I must go on living, that gave me the strength others take for granted? Perhaps it was my family's run of misfortune. Immediately after he'd been elected to the Diet, my eldest brother was indicted for election fraud. I've always been in awe of my brother's sternly principled character; surely it was not he who'd acted improperly, but some evil person connected with him. My elder sister died. My nephew died. A cousin died. I got wind of these things indirectly. I'd had no direct communication with anyone back home for some time. News of this unhappy sequence of events lifted me, little by little, from my prostration. I'd always been self-conscious about the size of our family home, and the handicap of being a rich man's child had driven me to reckless desperation. The horrible sense of dread at having such unmerited fortune had made me, since earliest childhood, a craven and pessimistic sort. I was of the belief that rich children must eventually fall into an especially large and elaborate hell, as befitted their status. Only a coward would try to escape. I

was a child of bad karma and would die accordingly. But then, one night, I realized that now, far from being the wealthy scion, I was unmistakably one of the lowest rabble; I hadn't even a proper set of clothes. Money from home was to be cut off at the end of that year. I'd already been removed from the family register. The home in which I'd been born and raised, moreover, had reached a low in its fortunes. I no longer had any special privileges of birthright before which others were obliged to feel small. I had nothing to my credit, in fact—only debits. There was that realization, and one other thing. The fact that, as I lay in my room devoid even of the will to die, I was growing wondrously healthy and robust—this, too, must be mentioned as an important factor in the change that came over me. One might also cite my age, the war, a reappraisal of history, loathing for my own dereliction, humility toward literature, the existence of God, and so on, but explanations of what turns someone around always sound hollow somehow. However closely the explanation may seem to fit the facts, there is always the hint of a gap, a fabrication somewhere. People do not necessarily think and consider in a prescribed way before choosing the path they'll walk. For the most part they simply wander, at some point, into a different meadow.

In the early summer of that, my thirtieth year, I

began, for the first time in my life, to aspire to making a living with my pen. Rather late, if you think about it. In my empty four-and-a-half-mat room, I wrote for all I was worth. When there was rice left over in the boardinghouse pot after dinner, I'd stealthily scoop it up and pat it into riceballs in case I got hungry working late into the night. I wasn't writing suicide notes now: I was writing in order to live. A certain mentor of mine encouraged me. When everyone else ridiculed and despised me, that one writer alone quietly, consistently, gave me his support. I had to repay him for the priceless trust he'd placed in me. In due course I finished "Old Folks." It was an honest account of the time H. and I went to Minakami Hot Springs to die. I was able to sell it immediately. One of the editors I knew had not forgotten me and had been waiting for me to submit something. Rather than squander the money thus acquired, I redeemed my dress kimono from the pawn shop and set out on a journey. The mountains of Kōshū. To reaffirm the change in my heart and mind, I intended to begin a long novel. I was in Kōshū for one entire year. I didn't complete my novel, but I did manage to write and publish more than ten stories. I heard voices of support from all sides. The "literary world" was a place I was grateful for, and blessed were those, I thought, who could spend their lives there. Shortly after

New Year's, 1939, with that mentor of mine acting as go-between, I took part in an ordinary arranged marriage. Or, no, it wasn't so ordinary: the groom hadn't a penny to his name. We rented a two-room house on the outskirts of Kōfu City. Rent was six and a half yen a month. I published, in succession, two volumes of collected works. We began to get ahead, if just barely. It was quite an undertaking, but little by little I managed to pay off the debts that so weighed on my mind. In early autumn of that year my wife and I moved to Mitaka, outside Tokyo. It was Tokyo no longer. My life in Tokyo had ended the day I left my boardinghouse in Ogikubo with a single bag and headed for the hills of Kōshū.

I live solely by my writing now. On signing the registers at inns when I travel, I have no hesitation about listing "writer" as my occupation. If I suffer, I don't talk about it much. I may suffer even more than before, but I wear a smile. The fools say I'm becoming "plebeian." Each day, a giant sun sets on Musashino, hissing and boiling as it sinks.

I was eating a dreary meal, sitting with legs crossed in a three-mat room from which I could see the sunset, and said to my wife, "Being the type of man I am, I'm never going to be successful or rich. But this home of ours is something I intend to keep and protect." It was then that I hit upon the idea

for "Eight Scenes from Tokyo." Pictures from the past whirled around inside me like images from a magic lantern.

Mitaka was outside Tokyo, but nearby Inokashira Park was counted as one of the city's famous scenic spots, so I saw no problem with including the Musashino sunset among the "Eight Scenes." Now to decide the other seven, I thought, flipping through the photo album of my heart. But I discovered that, for me, what might become art was not the scenery of Tokyo, but the "I" inside the scenery. Had I been deluded by art? Had I deluded art? Conclusion: Art is "I."

The rainy season in Totsuka. Twilight in Hongō. The festival in Kanda. The first snow in Kashiwagi. Fireworks in Hatchōbori. The full moon over Shiba. Evening cicadas in Amanuma. Lightning on the Ginza. The cosmos at the Itabashi Mental Hospital. Morning mist in Ogikubo. Sunset over Musashino...The memories were dark flowers that danced and scattered in the wind and resisted order. And wasn't limiting it to exactly eight scenes a trite and vulgar thing to do? I was soon to encounter two more, one this spring and one this summer.

On April 4 of this year I paid a visit to my illustrious mentor, Mr. S., in Koishikawa. I'd caused him considerable distress during my sickness some

five years back, and it had ended with his severely rebuking me and consigning me to what amounted to excommunication. Then, at New Year's this year, I'd gone to see him to pay my respects and to ask his forgiveness. I hadn't been in contact with him since then, and was now calling to ask that he act as sponsor at a party celebrating the publication of a book written by a good friend of mine. He consented, and we spoke about paintings and the works of Ryūnosuke Akutagawa and so on. "I know I've been rather hard on you," he said in that slow and measured way he has of speaking, "but I'm pleased now to see that the result has, in fact, proven favorable." We went to Ueno together by taxi. At an art museum there, we viewed an exhibition of Western-style paintings. Most of them were not very good. I was standing before one when Mr. S. came up beside me and peered closely at the canvas.

"Weak, isn't it?" he said in a detached sort of way.

"It's no good at all," I pronounced.

It was by that Western-style painter of H.'s.

We left the museum and headed for Kayabachō, where he took me to a private screening of the film, *A Beautiful Dispute*, and after that we went to the Ginza for a cup of tea. Thus we whiled away the entire day. When evening fell, I walked with Mr. S.

toward Shinbashi Station, where he said he would catch a bus home. On the way, I told him about my plan to write "Eight Scenes from Tokyo." I was talking about the sunset over Musashino when Mr. S. came to a halt on the bridge in front of Shinbashi Station.

"It makes quite a picture, doesn't it?" he said in a low voice, pointing at the Ginza bridge.

"Ah." I, too, stopped to admire it.

"Quite a picture," he said again, as if to himself.

This, too, I thought, should be included among the "Eight Scenes": not so much the view, but the viewers themselves, Mr. S. and his excommunicated, delinquent disciple.

It was some two months later that I came upon yet another felicitous scene. We received a special-delivery letter one day from my wife's younger sister. "T. departs tomorrow. I'm told we'll be able to see him briefly at Shiba Park. Please come there tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. I'd like you to explain my feelings to him. I'm such a fool, I haven't said anything at all."

This sister-in-law of mine is twenty-two, but so small that one might easily mistake her for a child. Last year, following a formally arranged meeting, she and T. became engaged, but directly after the exchange of betrothal gifts T. was inducted into the army and assigned to a regiment in Tokyo. I had

met the young, uniformed soldier once and had spoken with him for half an hour or so. He was a bright, alert, and well-mannered youth. Now, apparently, he was about to be sent to the front.

Less than two hours after we received the special-delivery letter from my sister-in-law, another one arrived. "After thinking it over," she wrote, "I realize that my request was frivolous. You needn't say anything to T. But please do come to see him off."

My wife and I burst out laughing. It was clear how flustered the girl was. She'd moved in with T.'s parents just two or three days before.

The next morning we got up early and set out for Shiba Park. A great crowd of well-wishers had congregated on the grounds of Zōjō-ji, the temple there. I stopped an elderly man in a khaki uniform who was busily wending his way through the crowd and learned from him that T.'s unit would stop in front of the huge main gate, Sanmon, but only for a five-minute rest before heading out. We stepped outside the temple grounds and stood in front of the Sanmon to wait. Before long, my wife's sister, carrying a small flag, arrived with T.'s parents. It was the first time I'd met the parents. We weren't officially relatives yet, and I, always incompetent in social situations, failed even to introduce myself properly. I merely nodded to them and turned to my sister-in-law.

"Well?" I said. "Are you managing to stay calm?"

"Oh, nothing to it." She laughed brightly.

"What's the matter with you?" My wife scowled at her. "Cackling away like that."

An awful lot of people were there to see T. off. In front of the Sanmon stood six large banners bearing his name—the workers from his family's factory had taken time off to send him on his way. I walked away from everyone and stood to one side of the enormous gate. I felt I was being looked down upon. T.'s family was wealthy. I had teeth missing and my clothes were a disgrace. I wore neither *hakama* nor hat. The impoverished writer. Some slovenly relative of the boy's fiancée—no doubt that's how T.'s parents regarded me. When my wife's sister came up to speak to me, I sent her away, saying, "You've got an important role to play today. Go stand with your father-in-law."

We waited a long time for T.'s unit to show up. Ten o'clock, eleven, twelve...Still they hadn't arrived. Sightseeing buses full of schoolgirls passed by. On the door of each bus was a piece of paper with the name of the girls' school written on it. I saw the name of a school back home. As far as I knew, my eldest brother's daughter was a student there. She might be on that bus, I thought. Maybe, as the bus passed, she was gazing indifferently at the figure of her idiot uncle standing stolid and im-

passive before that famous Tokyo landmark, the Sanmon of Zōjō-ji, without realizing who it was. Twenty or so such buses came and went, and each time one passed, the lady tour guide would point in my direction and launch into an explanation. I feigned indifference at first, then tried a few poses. I folded my arms in a casual manner reminiscent of the statue of Balzac, and it was then that I began to feel as if I myself had become one of the famous landmarks of Tokyo.

It was nearly one o'clock when shouts of "They're here!" were heard, followed immediately by the arrival of a truck loaded with soldiers. T. had learned to drive and was behind the wheel. I stood at the rear of the crowd and idly looked on.

"Please?" My sister-in-law, who'd materialized beside me at some point, whispered this and pushed me forward. Snapping out of my daydream, I looked up to see that T. had come down from the truck and was saluting in my direction. I was, apparently, the first one he'd spotted. I hesitated and looked around before realizing that it was indeed me he was saluting, then squeezed through the crowd toward him with the girl in tow.

"Don't worry about us," I told him. "This one's not very bright, as you can see, but her heart's in the right place. You've got nothing to worry about. We'll all watch out for her." Untypically, I said

these words without so much as a smile. I looked at the girl, who stood stiff and tense, chin raised. T. blushed somewhat and raised his hand again in a silent salute.

"Don't you have something to say?" I asked the girl, grinning now.

She covered her face with her hands and said, "No, nothing."

The order to prepare for departure came moments later. I started to slip back into the crowd, but again I was pushed forward by my sister-in-law. She guided me to a spot near the cab of the truck, where only T.'s parents were standing.

"Good luck, and don't worry!" I shouted. T.'s father turned and looked at me. I detected a flash of irritation in that stern man's eyes that seemed to say: Who is this intrusive fool? But I didn't blench. Was not the last stand of a man's pride his ability to state that he has known near-fatal suffering? I was of no use to the army, and impoverished to boot, but now was not the time for diffidence. The Tokyo landmark shouted again, in an even louder voice.

"Nothing to worry about!"

Should by any chance some difficulty arise concerning T.'s marriage to my wife's sister, I told myself it was I, the social outlaw for whom appearances were of no importance, who would fight for the couple to the bitter end.

Having acquired that scene at Zōjō-ji's Sanmon, I felt as if my story had taken shape, like a bow drawn as taut as a full, rising moon. A few days later, armed with a map of Tokyo, pen, ink, and paper, I set out in high spirits for Izu. What has come of my stay at this hot springs inn? It's been ten days since I arrived, and I still seem to be here. I must be up to something.

One Snowy Night

It had been snowing since morning that day, you know. I'd finally finished the *monpe* trousers I'd been making for O-tsuru (my niece), so on the way back from school I delivered them to my aunt's house in Nakano. My aunt gave me two dried cuttlefish to take home with me, and when I got to Kichijōji Station it was already dark and still snowing, softly, and there was more than a foot of snow on the ground. I was wearing boots, so actually I was happy there was so much snow and deliberately walked where it was piled up deepest. I'd been carrying the cuttlefish under my arm, wrapped in newspaper, and it wasn't until I got to the mailbox near my house that I realized I didn't have them any more. I'm a scatterbrained, silly girl, but, even so, I don't often drop or lose things, but that night, maybe because I was so excited romping about in the snow, that's just what I did. I felt awful. I know it's sort of vulgar to feel bad about losing a couple of

dried cuttlefish, and I was ashamed of myself, but I'd been planning to give them to Kimiko, my elder brother's wife. She's going to have a baby this summer. They say when you have a baby inside you, you get very hungry. You have to eat enough for two people then, see, including the baby. Kimiko isn't like me at all, she's very refined and elegant and careful about her appearance, and until now she always ate "like a canary," as they say, and never snacked between meals or anything, but lately she says she gets so hungry it's embarrassing, and she suddenly gets cravings for the strangest things. I remember the other day, as Kimiko and I were cleaning up after supper, she was sighing and muttering to herself that she had this bitter taste in her mouth and she wished there was some dried cuttlefish or something to chew on. And then, just by coincidence, my aunt in Nakano gave me those two cuttlefish, and I was really looking forward to giving them to Kimiko. That's why I felt so bad when I found out I'd dropped them.

As you know, the only ones in my house are my big brother, Kimiko, and I, and my brother is kind of strange. He's a novelist, but he's not the least bit famous, though he'll be forty in a few more years, and he never has any money, and he says his health isn't good and that's why he's always in and out of bed, but his mouth is healthy enough, and

he's always bawling us out about one thing or another, although, in spite of all his complaining, he never does anything to help us around the house, so that Kimiko has to do even the heavy work, the man's work, and you can't help but feel sorry for her. One day I felt so indignant about it all that I said to him, "Why don't you go out to the country with a rucksack and come back with some vegetables or something once in a while? I believe other men do that."

He got very cross and huffy.

"Fool! I'm not grubby and common like some people, that's why. Listen—and you remember this too, Kimiko. Even if we were starving to death in this house, you wouldn't catch me pulling some low-minded stunt like that, joining those food-hunting gangs, so resign yourselves to that right now. There are some things I'll never stoop to."

Admirable words, to be sure, but in my brother's case it's not quite clear if it's patriotism or just plain laziness that makes him hate the food-hunting parties. My father and mother were both from Tokyo, but Father worked for the government up north in Yamagata for many years, and my brother and I were both born there. My father died in Yamagata, and when my brother was about twenty and I was just a baby, Mother brought us back to Tokyo. Mother, too, passed away a few years ago, and now

it's just my brother, Kimiko, and I, and none of us has a home town in the country or anything, so we never get any food sent to us from relatives the way other families do, and, being such an oddball, my brother doesn't have any friends, so nobody ever calls on us unexpectedly to say they've managed to get their hands on some rare treat, and that's why I couldn't help thinking how happy Kimiko would be if I presented her with even a couple of dried cuttlefish, and maybe it's grubby and common, but I felt so bad about dropping them that I turned right around and retraced my steps.

It was hopeless, though. To find something wrapped in white newspaper on that snow-covered street would have been terribly difficult even if it weren't still snowing and piling up like that, and I walked all the way back to Kichijōji Station without seeing a trace of my package. I sighed and tilted my umbrella back and looked up at the dark night sky, and the snowflakes were dancing crazily around in the air like a million fireflies. It was so pretty! The trees on either side of the street were covered with snow, and the branches hung down heavily and stirred softly from time to time, as if sighing. It was like being in some sort of fairyland, and I forgot all about the cuttlefish. Then, suddenly, I got this great idea: Why not take this beautiful snowy night back to give to Kimiko? How much bet-

ter that would be than any old cuttlefish! To think only about food *was* low-minded, if you thought about it. Shameful, really.

My brother once explained to me that your eyes can store things you see. He said the proof was that if you look at a light bulb for a short time, then close your eyes, you can still see the bulb on the insides of your eyelids. Then he told me this little story about something he said once happened in Denmark. My brother's stories are usually just off the top of his head, and you can't believe a word of them, but I thought the one he told me that time, whether he made it all up himself or not, was pretty good.

Long ago, according to the story, a doctor in Denmark did an autopsy on a sailor who'd been shipwrecked, and when he studied one of the sailor's eyeballs under a microscope, he found a lovely little family scene imprinted on the retina. The doctor reported this strange phenomenon to a writer friend of his, and the writer immediately came up with an explanation. The shipwrecked sailor, he said, had been swept up by giant, raging billows and smashed against the rocky shore. Dazed and frantic, he clung tightly to what he thought was a rock, only to find that it was the window ledge of a lighthouse. Rejoicing, the sailor was about to call for help when he happened to glance through the

window and saw the lighthouse keeper and his family sitting down to a modest, cozy dinner. Ah, thought the sailor, if I scream for help now, I'll destroy the wonderful harmony this family is enjoying. And just then his fingers began to slip from the ledge, and another great wave came along and washed him out to sea again. The writer said that this was undoubtedly what had happened, and that the sailor had been the gentlest, most noble-hearted man in the world. The doctor agreed, and the two of them gave the sailor a solemn and reverent burial.

That's the story, and it's one I should like to believe. Even if it's scientifically impossible, I want to believe it. Anyway, having suddenly remembered the story, I decided to imprint that beautiful snowy night on my retinas, and when I got home I'd tell Kimiko to look into my eyes, and then she'd have a pretty baby.

See, a few days ago, Kimiko told my brother to hang pictures of beautiful people on the wall of her room. "I want to look at them every day," she said, smiling, "so my baby will be pretty, too."

My brother nodded very seriously and said, "Hmm. Prenatal suggestion, eh? You're right, that is important."

Later, he put pictures of two Noh masks on the wall—one was Magojirō, that really beautiful one,

and the other was Yuki no Ko-omote, the cute little girl mask—which was fine, but then he ruined it by hanging a photo of his own scowling face right between them. Meek and mild as she is, not even Kimiko could put up with that.

"Please," she said, practically begging him, "not that picture of you. It makes me feel all queasy inside."

Anyway, she got him to let her take it down, thank goodness. If she had to look at a photo of my brother every day, her baby would surely come looking like a little monkey or something. Is it possible my brother, who has one of the strangest faces you'll ever see, thinks of himself as being on the handsome side? What can you do with someone like that? At any rate, all Kimiko wants to do, for the sake of her baby, is to gaze at the most beautiful things in the world. That's why I wanted to imprint this snowy night on my eyes and take it back to show to her. I was sure that would make her much, much happier than some dried cuttlefish ever could have.

So I gave up on the cuttlefish and headed for home, and on the way I opened my eyes wide to let in all the lovely, pure white scenery around me, and by the time I reached our house I felt as if the snowy images were not only imprinted in my eyes, but in the depths of my heart, too.

"Kimiko!" I called out to her as soon as I got home. "Come look in my eyes. My eyes are full of the most beautiful scenery!"

"What? What ever are you talking about?" Kimiko stood up, smiling, and put her hands on my shoulders. "Something happened to your eyes?"

"Don't you remember that story he told us? About how the things you've been looking at remain inside your eyes?"

"Your big brother? I'd forgotten about that. After all, most of his stories are pure humbug, you know."

"Yes, but that one story is the truth. At least, I want to believe it is. So look into my eyes. Please? I've just seen the most beautiful snowy night. Look. That way you'll have a baby with lovely, snow-white skin."

Kimiko was staring at me with a sad, pensive sort of expression on her face when my brother came in from the next room. "Hey," he said, "there's no use looking into those boring eyes of Shunko's (that's my name). Looking in my eyes will be a hundred times more effective."

"Why?" I shouted. I thought my brother so hateful right then, I could have hit him. "Kimiko says it makes her feel queasy to look into your eyes."

"Not likely. My eyes have seen twenty years'

worth of beautiful snows. I lived in Yamagata till I was twenty. Shunko, you don't even know what that incredible Yamagata snow is like. We moved to Tokyo when you were still too little to know anything. Getting all worked up about some piddling Tokyo snowfall...My eyes have seen a hundred, no, a thousand times more snowy scenes than yours have—and prettier ones, too. I've got you way outclassed."

I was so mortified I wondered if I should just go ahead and cry. But then Kimiko helped me out. She smiled and spoke in a quiet voice.

"Maybe your eyes *have* seen a hundred times or a thousand times more pretty things than Shunko's, Papa, but they've seen a hundred times, a thousand times more ugly, disgusting things, too."

"That's right! She's right! And the minuses outnumber the pluses by far. That's why your eyes are so yellow and cloudy. So there!"

"Cheeky little brat," my brother said, and walked back into the other room in a huff.

NOTES

A PROMISE FULFILLED

p. 7 **4** acquaintance 知人，知合い **6** in the course of～ ～のうちに **7** drunk 酔って **7** suffered an injury 怪我をした **8** ankle くるぶし **8** was split open 裂けた **10** the bleeding was frightful 出血がひどかった **10** made a frantic dash to～ あわてて～へ駆けつけた **12** corpulent ふとった **13** wobbled into the consultation room 診察室にふらふら入ってきた **14** in a condition that clearly rivaled mine 明らかに私と同じくらい酔って **15** it struck me as hilarious 私はおかしかった **16** giggle くすくす笑う **17** before long やがて **18** uncontrollably たまりかねて **20** preferred philosophy to literature 文学よりも哲学を好んだ

p. 8 **1** felt more at ease with that subject その方が気が楽だった **2** lively 活発な **3** a primitive sort of dualism 原始的な二元論 **5** manifestations of the struggle between Good and Evil 善と悪との争いの現われ **7** in admirably clear and concise terms とても歯切れのよいことばで **8** maintain my monotheistic belief in the deity we call Love 愛という単一神を信じ続ける **10** expositions of his theory 自分の説を披瀝（ひれき）すること **11** briefly dispelling the gloom in my heart 胸のうちのうっとうしさをしばらく晴らして **12** illustrations 例証 **16** play bridge ブリッジ（トランプ遊びの一種）をする **16** a true representative of Evil 悪玉の典型 **17** flawless 完全な **18** concur 同意する，是認する **19** plain 十人並みの，お多福の **19** fair of skin 色白の **19** had an air of elegant refinement 態度が上品だった **22** a commercial school 商業学校（現在の商業高校のこと） **26** drop by 立ち寄る **28** circle around to～ ～へ回っていく

p. 9 **1** the drawing room 客間 **1** sip the cold barley tea 冷たい麦茶を飲む **4** flapped noisily in the breeze 風に吹かれてばらばら騒いだ **5** ample 水量たっぷりの **9** invariably かならず **13** medicine 薬 **15** light summer dress 簡単服 **15** clogs 木靴（ここでは下駄） **17** occasionally 時折 **18** accompany her to the door 玄関までその女性を見送る **19** in a scolding tone of voice 叱咤（しった）するような調子で **21** persevere 辛抱する，我慢する **24** develop a lung problem 肺を悪くした **26** show a marked improvement ぐんぐんよくなる **27** had spared no effort in〜 〜することに骨身を惜しまなかった

p. 10 **2** a crucial time 重大な時 **2** convalescence 回復 **4** nonetheless それにもかかわらず **4** one look at her would be enough to move anyone to pity 一目見ただけで奥さんがふびんになる **6** steel his heart 心を鬼にする **8** perseverance 辛抱 **8** implicit 言外の，暗黙の **10** witness 目撃する **13** with her feet tucked up beside her 横坐りに坐って **16** a radiant figure うれしそうな姿 **21** the ban was lifted 禁が解けた **23** a wave of emotion swept through me 胸がいっぱいになった **24** as time goes by 年月がたつほどに **27** for all I know おそらく

ONE HUNDRED VIEWS OF MOUNT FUJI

p. 11 **2** converge at an angle of eighty-five degrees 頂角が85度である **4** if one makes vertical cross sections based on survey maps drawn by the army 陸軍の実測図に基いた断面図を作ってみると **11** depict the slopes meeting at an acute angle, the summit slender, lofty, delicate 頂角を鋭角に，山頂を細く，高く，華奢に描いている **13** renditions 表現 **14** the Eiffel Tower エッフェル塔〈パリにある高さ320 m の塔〉 **16** obtuse 鈍角の **16** leisurely ゆっくりした **16** by no means 決して～ない **18** make for～ ～に寄与する **20** snatch up かっさらう

p. 12 **3** at the sight of～ ～を見て **5** yearn 憧れる **7** has never been exposed to such popular propaganda そのような俗な宣伝を知らなかった **9** free of preconceptions 先入観なしで **10** as mountains go 山としては **11** in relation to the width of its base 裾の広がっている割には **13** should be at least half again as tall 少くとも1.5倍高くなければいけない **15** Jukkoku Pass 十国峠 **19** only to find that I was way off 私の見当ははずれていた **21** loomed up twice as high as I'd expected 予想よりも倍も高いところに見えた **22** was not so much surprised as somehow strangely tickled 驚いたというよりも，何だかへんにくすぐったかった **23** cackled with laughter げらげら笑った **24** come face to face with absolute reliability 完全なたのもしさに面と向って接する **26** burst into silly laughter げらげら笑い出す **26** come all undone ネジがすっかりゆるむ **28** being moved to guffaws by loosening your sash 帯を解いて高笑いする

p. 13 **2** you are to be congratulated おめでたいことである **3** reproach とがめる **4** be overwhelmed by～ ～に圧倒される **7** painful sight 痛ましい光景 **8** poke up over the horizon 地平線にちょこんと出る **9** a Christmas candy クリスマスの飾

り菓子　10 what's more その上，しかも　10 it lists pathetically to the left 心細く左へ傾く　11 like a battleship slowly beginning to founder, stern first 船尾のほうからだんだん沈没しかけている軍艦のように　13 off guard 油断して　14 confession 告白　14 was at my wit's end 途方に暮れた　16 guzzling saké 酒をがぶ飲みして　17 relieve myself 用を足す　18 the wire mesh screen 金網　22 a fishmonger sped by 魚屋が通り過ぎた　22 muttering to himself ひとりごとを呟きながら　23 my おや　26 the like of which I hope never to go through again あんな思いは二度と繰り返したくない　28 determined to rethink my life 人生を考え直す覚悟で

p. 14　1 valise（旅行用）手さげカバン　3 what distinguishes the mountains here is〜 ここの山の特徴は〜である　4 strangely otiose rise and fall へんに虚しい起伏　6 to these mountains come many cross-grained, self-willed sorts to disport themselves like wizard monks この山々には，多くの拗ね者たちが仙遊しにやってくる　9 freaks 変種　10 after a bone-shaking, hour-long ride バスにガタガタゆられて1時間　13 above sea level 海抜　15 mentor 良き師，恩師　15 be holed up こもる　16 with the knowledge that〜 〜を知って　17 provided it wouldn't be a hindrance to his work〜 先生のお仕事の邪魔にならなければ　19 do a bit of disporting しばらく仙遊する　22 settle in 落ち着く（滞在する）　23 like it or not 好むと好まざるとにかかわらず　24 strategic point 戦略上の要衝　26 offer a prospect of〜 〜の眺望がきく　28 far from being pleased with the view〜 〜その景色を好かないどころか

p. 15　1 hold it in scorn 軽蔑する　4 cradled by hushed, huddling mountains on either side 両袖にひっそりうずくまった山に抱きかかえられて　5 One look threw me into blushing confusion. ひとめ見て狼狽し，顔を赤らめた。　7 Scenery on a stage. 芝居の書割　8 made to order 注文して作った　8 was mortifying to behold 見るのが恥かしかった　10 had caught up on his work somewhat どうにか仕事が一段落ついた　14 more or less on all fours かなり這うようにして　15 parting the ivies and vines 蔦（つた）かずら掻きわけて　17

presented a spectacle that was decidedly less than lovely 決して見よい姿ではなかった **19** cut a jaunty figure 軽快な姿である **19** gear 用具，服装 **19** was clad in〜 〜を着ていた **22** left about a foot of hairy shin exposed 毛ずねを一尺あまり露出していた **24** rubber-soled ゴム底の **25** was acutely aware of how shabby I looked むさ苦しいかっこうは重々承知だった **26** made a few adjustments 少し工夫した **27** don a straw hat 麦わら帽をかぶる

p. 16 **1** bizarre 変てこな **3** stoop to belittling someone's appearance 人のなりふりを軽蔑する **4** eyed me with a compassionate air 気の毒そうな顔をして私を見た **4** console なぐさめる，いたわる **5** it not becoming a man to concern himself very much with fashion 身なりなどをあまり気にするのは男らしくない **8** at any rate ともかく **8** no sooner had we done so than〜 頂上に着くやいなや **10** observation platform 展望台 **11** provided us with no view whatsoever 少しも眺望がきかなかった **12** enveloped in〜 〜に包まれて **14** broke wind 放屁をした **14** looked decidedly out of sorts いかにもつまらなそうであった **16** was run by〜 〜が経営している **18** felt sorry for〜 〜に同情した **18** what a stroke of bad luck the fog was この霧はほんとうに生憎（あいにく）だ **21** clear as anything とてもはっきりと **21** retrieve 持ってくる **27** coarse tea 番茶

p. 17 **1** impenetrable 見通せない **4** accompanied him as far as〜 〜までお伴をした **7** was dressed casually 無雑作な服装をしていた **8** secured with my narrow sash 角帯をしめた **10** on the outskirts of〜 〜の町はずれの **10** a profusion of〜 たくさんの **14** carry on a desultory, grown-up conversation 大人のよもやま話をする **19** a framed aerial photograph of the great crater atop the mountain 山頂にある大噴火口の額に入れた鳥瞰写真 **21** waterlily スイレン **21** twisted back to my original position からだを元の姿勢に捻じ戻した **22** fleetingly ちらっと **23** That did it. それできめた。 **23** made up my mind then and there that〜 〜と即座に決心した **24** entail a certain amount of difficulty 多少の困難を伴なう

p. 18 **2** push ahead with my work 仕事を進める **4** come to terms with〜 〜に慣れるようにする **4** until it all but did me in ほとんどへたばるまで **7** "Japan Romantic Movement"「日本浪曼派」 **10** corridor 廊下 **11** poke fun at〜 〜をからかう **13** awfully crass とてもがさつな **18** monk 僧 **19** a ragged black robe 破れた墨染のころも **20** a long staff 長い杖 **21** time and again 何度も **23** *Priest Saigyō Admiring Mount Fuji*「富士見西行」 **23** has a lot of style かたちができている **25** a poignant evocation of the past 昔をなつかしく思い出させるもの **27** saint 聖僧

p. 19 **1** with cold detachment 冷淡に **3** There's something special about him. どこか脱俗したところがある。 **10** throw him into a panic 周章狼狽させる **10** ensue あとに続く **12** crestfallen がっかりして **14** flounder disgracefully about あさましいほど取り乱す **15** for dear life 命からがら **19** courteous and affable 礼儀正しく温厚な **22** base 麓

p. 20 **1** pull out しりごみする **3** terribly decadent and dissolute ひどいデカダンで自堕落な **7** force a smile 作り笑いをする，苦笑する **8** get〜straight 〜を整理する，〜を再確認する **8** on a sort of reconnaisance mission いわば偵察の任務で **9** on behalf of〜 〜を代表して **9** summoning up every ounce of courage you could muster 必死の勇をふるって **12** a one-man suicide corps 決死隊 **12** candidly 率直に **14** resigned myself to various possible fates いろいろと覚悟を決めた **16** impassive 平然とした **17** There's something to be said for Fuji after all. やっぱり富士にはいいところがある。 **18** it occurred to me that I was no match for〜 〜にはかなわないと思った **20** fickle 気まぐれな **24** sagaciously 聡明に **28** with a straight face まじめな顔で

p. 21 **1** No learning to speak of. とり立てて学問もない。 **2** a mess めちゃめちゃ **2** impoverished 貧乏になって **4** feel qualified to〜 〜する資格はあると思う **5** the only straw of pride I can cling to わら一すじほどの自負 **7** let go of〜 〜を手放す **8** a spoiled, selfish child わがままな駄々っ子 **10** was skilled at composing *tanka* poems 短歌が上手だった **15**

appallingly ひどく　**16** the sense of being overborne by a mountain dominated the place その町は山に押しつぶされた感じがした　**17** cut off from the sun and wind by Fuji 富士に，日も風もさえぎられて　**18** not unlike the meandering, spindly stem of a light-starved plant 光が足りなくてひょろひょろに伸びた茎のように　**21** characteristic of〜 〜の特徴で

p. 22 **1** Maupassant モーパッサン（1850–93）〈フランスの作家〉　**3** some young scion of the nobility どこかの貴公子　**7** a bathing suit 水着　**13** soaking wet ずぶ濡れの　**19** ridiculous みっともない　**21** swim like a stone 鉄槌（かなづち）だ　**25** daring 勇敢な

p. 23 **4** carry on 騒ぐ，愁嘆する　**7** wade across（川などを）歩いて渡る　**7** pointless 意味がない　**8** get any sympathy from〜 〜から同情を得る　**10** to some extent ある程度は　**12** hanging on to some piling 棒杭にすがって　**13** rant わめく　**16** something たいしたもの　**19** Swam like hell. 死物狂いで泳いだ。　**22** chatter drivel ばかな話をする

p. 24 **3** translucent 半透明の，透きとおった　**4** fallen under the spell of a sorcerer fox 狐に化かされる　**5** like phosphorus burning 燐が燃えているような　**6** will-o'-the-wisp 鬼火　**6** fox-fire 狐火　**7** fireflies 蛍　**11** had nothing to do with〜 〜と関係なかった　**11** a separate living thing 別の生きもの　**12** reverberate with exceptional clarity とても澄んで響く　**13** stealthily こっそりと　**15** a valiant Meiji Royalist 明治維新の志士　**17** cockily 気取って　**23** all I had to do was walk to〜 〜まで歩いてかえりさえすればよかった　**25** retrace my steps 引き返す　**26** ambled back the way I'd come 来た道をぶらぶら引き返した

p. 25 **4** bewitch 魔法にかける，化かす　**4** transformed into a simpleton 阿呆になって　**7** weary and languid くたびれて，だるい　**10** was all knowing smiles わけ知り顔に笑っていた　**11** standoffish よそよそしい，つんとした　**12** had been up to nothing naughty 不潔なことをしてきたのではない　**13** related in detail こまかに話した　**18** seemed appeased 機嫌が直ったようだった　**22** grudgingly しぶしぶ　**28** scoffed

at〜 〜をばかにする

p. 26 **2** superb すばらしい **2** triumphantly selecting a better word 得意そうに，いい言葉を使って **3** squatted down on her heels しゃがんだ **5** to the effect that〜 〜という趣意の **6** take〜to heart 〜を真剣に考える **8** amend my teaching with a grave countenance もっともらしい顔をして教え直す **12** evening primrose seeds 月見草の種 **18** laundry water and whatnot 洗濯の水など **20** incident 出来事 **20** go well with〜 〜によく似合う **22** remote 人里離れた，へんぴな **22** so much so that〜 〜なほどへんぴなところで **23** deliver 配達する **23** bouncing and swaying ゆられて行くこと **24** foot 麓 **25** if ever there was one そういうものがあるとすれば，文字通り

p. 27 **2** conductor 車掌 **3** don't offer the sightseers aboard much in the way of information about the scenery 観光客に格別景色の説明をしてくれない **5** once in a while ときどき **5** almost as an afterthought 思い出したように **5** in listless near-mumble ものうげに呟きに似た口調で **7** prosaic 散文的な **9** fresh-water smelt inhabit the lake 湖にはわかさぎがいる **10** claim my mail 自分宛ての郵便物を受取る **13** pale and nicely featured 青白く端正な **18** amounted to neither information nor spontaneous exclamation 説明とも自分ひとりの咏嘆ともつかない **20** salaried workers サラリーマン **20** silk-clad 絹物をまとった **22** fastidiously 潔癖そうに **23** simultaneously twisted in their seats and craned their necks いっせいにからだをねじ曲げ，首を伸ばした **24** that commonplace triangle of a mountain その変哲もない三角形の山 **26** ooh and ah like idiots「やあ」とか「まあ」とか間の抜けた声を出す **27** a buzzing commotion ざわめき

p. 28 **1** as though she harbored some deep anguish in her heart 胸に深い憂悶でもあるかのように **2** not so much as〜 〜すらしない **4** cliff 断崖 **5** felt a sense of almost benumbing pleasure からだがしびれるほど快く感じられた **6** in my refined, nihilistic way 高尚で虚無的な心で **12** sidled closer すり寄った **15** pointing a slender finger at〜 〜を細い指でゆび

さして **17** petals 花弁，花びら **18** remained vividly in my mind あざやかに心に残った **20** face up admirably to～ ～に立派に相対峙する **21** not wavering in the least 少しもゆるがずに **21** erect and heroic けなげにすっくと立った **22** feel almost tempted to say Herculean 超人的とでも言いたい **26** I missed people. 人が恋しかった。 **27** scarlet-rimmed clouds with undersides like the bellies of geese 赤く染まった雁（がん）の腹雲

p. 29 **4** crimson as dripping blood 血の滴るように真赤な **5** proprietress 女経営者，おかみさん **7** Missus! おばさん！ **10** broom 箒（ほうき） **11** dubiously 不審げに **11** knitting her brow 眉をひそめて **14** She had me there. それには参った。 **21** what is there to see but the same old Mount Fuji 同じ富士山が見えるだけだ **22** The heart grows heavy just thinking about it. それを思っただけで気が重くなる **25** ambiguously 曖昧（あいまい）に

p. 30 **4** These were the only glimmerings I had of the joy of being alive それだけが幽（かす）かに生きている喜びだった **10** end up chuckling wryly to myself 最後はひとりで苦笑することになる **11** excruciating 非常につらい，苦しい **14** the interminable wavering and agonizing over～ ～についていつまでも思い悩むこと **18** left me quite literally writhing in anguish 文字通り身悶えしていた **21** succinct and lucid 簡潔で鮮明な **21** snatch hold of～ ～を一 掴(つか)みする **28** on the verge of～ ～寸前で

p. 31 **2** its exceedingly cylindrical simplicity あまりにも棒状の素朴さ **4** worthy of praise 賞賛に値する，りっぱな **5** figurines of the Laughing Buddha ほていさまの置物 **13** prostitutes 遊女 **14** their only day of freedom in the year 一年一回の開放の日 **17** in a flurry of colors 色さまざまに **17** flutter そわそわ歩く **18** like carrier pigeons dumped out of baskets バスケットからぶちまけられた伝書鳩のように **20** flocked together かたまった **20** fidgeting and jostling one another in silence 沈黙のまま押し合いして **21** their quaint nervousness began to dissipate 異様な緊張がほどけた **22** wandered off their

separate ways てんでんにぶらぶら歩きはじめた　**24** a dismal and all but unwatchable scene わびしく，見ていられないような光景　**26** solitary ひとりの

p. 32 **2** look helplessly on どうしようもなく見守る　**2** Those who suffer shall suffer. 苦しむものは苦しめ。　**4** That was just the way the world was. それが世の中だ。　**5** forced myself to affect indifference 無理に無関心を装った　**11** standing tall and impassive against the wintry sky 冬空を背景にのっそりと突っ立っている　**12** the Big Boss 大親分　**13** squared off in an arrogant pose 傲然と身がまえた　**14** greatly relieved〜 大いに安心して　**14** forsook the band of courtesans 遊女の一団を見捨てた　**18** shaggy 毛深い　**20** gathering a bouquet of some dreary sort of wildflowers 何かのつまらない草花を摘み集めて　**23** absorbedly 熱心に　**27** strode resolutely on 大股に歩きつづけた

p. 33 **4** met with a serious hitch 一頓挫した　**4** was given to understand, in no uncertain terms, that〜 〜がはっきりと判ってきた　**9** at this juncture この重大時に，この際　**9** to the tune of〜 大枚〜も　**10** have a dignified, if modest, wedding ceremony ささやかでも厳粛な結婚式を挙げる　**13** this would not be the case こういうことはないだろう（＝家からの助力はない）　**14** was thoroughly at a loss as to what to do どうしたらいいかすっかり途方にくれた　**15** as things stood 現状では　**17** call the whole thing off すべてを御破算にする，縁談をことわる　**18** make a clean breast of everything すべてを打ち明ける　**21** parlor 客間　**23** disconcertingly 閉口するくらい　**23** recite a speech 演説をする　**25** in a relatively straightforward and honest manner 割合に率直かつ正直に

p. 34 **1** tilting her head to one side 首をかしげて　**4** palm 手のひら　**9** An extravagant ceremony would only make us feel awkward. ぜいたくな式などは当惑するようなものでしょう。　**14** My eyes felt hot. 眼が熱くなった。　**15** I'd make this woman a devoted and dutiful son-in-law この母親に婿（むこ）として孝行しよう　**20** Sheer affectation. まったくさまざまなことを言ったものだ。　**23** putting to rest any lingering

doubts as to my imbecility いよいよ自分の愚かさをさらすことになって　**26** was resolved to〜 〜するつもりだった

p. 35 **1** That threw me. その質問にはびっくりした。拍子抜けがした。 **2** trail off 次第に消える　**4** What the hell? なんだそんなこと。 **5** make a fool of〜 〜をばかにする　**6** thug やくざ　**10** it wouldn't do not to ask about Fuji 富士山のことを聞かないとよくない　**13** my shoulders were so stiff I could hardly breathe ひどく肩が凝（こ）って呼吸ができないくらいだった　**19** took turns pounding on my shoulders 交代で肩をたたいてくれた **20** penetrating 鋭い　**21** had little effect あまり効き目がなかった　**22** a stick of firewood 薪（まき）　**24** that's what it took to relieve the tension それほどにしなければ，肩の凝りはとれなかった　**25** keyed up and intent on my purpose 自分の目的に緊張し，固くなっていた　**27** was distracted ぼんやりしていた

p. 36 **1** scribbled aimlessly とりとめもなく楽書をした　**2** Golden Bat cigarettes ゴールデンバット〈最も大衆的だった紙巻きタバコ〉 **3** "Even a Diamond, Unpolished" 「金剛石も磨かずば」〈昭憲皇太后作，文部省唱歌の一節〉　**8** with my chin propped up on my hand 頬杖をついて　**11** alcove 床の間　**12** a touch of bitterness 多少とげとげしい口調で　**20** put them in order 整理する，そろえる　**24** with the quilt pulled up over your head 頭からふとんをかぶって　**27** overstate 誇張する

p. 37 **1** make every effort to go on living 生き抜くためにあらゆる努力をする　**2** in return お返しに，返礼に　**5** an overnight storm 一夜あらし　**7** Sightseers were few and far between now. 観光客も今はほとんどない。　**8** business dropped off 商売もさびれた　**13** deserted さびれた　**14** tedium 退屈 **19** got a start はっとした　**20** do a grim about-face 苦（に）が苦がしく，廻れ右をする　**20** stomp off along〜 〜をどんどん歩き去る　**26** lumber downstairs のしのし二階から降りてくる　**26** partially with the intention of watching out for〜 ひとつには〜を守るつもりで

p. 38 **1** bride 花嫁　**2** escorted by〜 〜に付き添われて　**2** in crested ceremonial kimono and *haori* 紋付羽織を着た　**2** a

hired automobile ハイヤー **5** was decked out in full wedding regalia 正式の婚礼の礼装であった **6** elaborate 手の込んだ **8** white wedding hood 角隠し **9** singular 珍しい，風変りな **10** retreated to my corner as if to hide behind me 私の背後に隠れるように退いた **16** made for a scene that〜 〜な光景になった **17** a casual observer たまたま見ていた人 **17** ticklishly くすぐったいほど **20** with her legs crossed 脚を X 形に組んで **21** Awfully sure of herself. えらく自信のある人だ。 **23** a great yawn 大きな欠伸（あくび） **27** to scathing reviews あとでさんざんにけなされた **28** hussy あばずれ女

p. 39 **1** groom 花婿 **4** don't tell me〜 まさか〜だなんて言うんじゃないでしょうね **5** have the nerve to〜 あつかましくも〜する **10** It hardly befitted a man of my years, but I blushed. 私は年甲斐もなく赤面した。 **12** thanks to 〜 〜のおかげで **13** a dignified if meager affair まずしくとも厳粛なもの **16** for my part 私としては **24** decline 断わる **28** snuggling beneath the coverlet of that little footwarmer〜 炬燵（こたつ）のふとんにもぐって

p. 40 **5** desolate 寂しい **8** head for the lowlands 山を下る **11** intellectual-looking 知的な様子の **15** caught sight of〜 〜を見つけた **16** stopped dead in their tracks 急に立ち止った **18** a fair-skinned girl wearing glasses 眼鏡をかけた，色の白い娘 **21** This flustered me. こう言われて私はへどもどした。 **21** gadgets 機械 **23** presented a squalid figure むさくるしい姿をしていた **25** looked a proper mountain bandit まったく山賊みたいだった **26** was thrown into quite a panic ひどく狼狽した **27** a fashionable act ハイカラな用事 **28** gay flowers 華やかな娘さん

p. 41 **1** rethinking the situation 思い直して **2** a discerning observer 目のきく人 **3** a certain sensitivity and sophistication 何となく感じがよく洗練されていること **5** sufficient dexterity to manipulate the shutter of a camera カメラのシャッターをさばけるくらいの器用さ **6** buoyed up by this reflection こう思うと浮き浮きして **7** feigned nonchalance 平静を装った **7** the instrument （ここでは）カメラ **9** peered into the view

finder ファインダーをのぞいた **9** inwardly all a-tremble 内心はわななきながら **11** imposing 堂々とした **11** in the foreground 前景には **12** poppy ケシ **18** rigid and demure 固く，とりすました **18** have a difficult time aiming 狙いがつけにくい **22** *Click.* パチリ **23** "Got it." 「うつりました。」 **24** in unison 声をそろえて **25** have the film developed フィルムを現像する **26** not a trace of themselves 自分たちの姿はどこにもない

p. 42 **2** the battered railing 使い古した欄干 **5** a Chinese lantern plant 酸漿（ほおずき）

SCHOOLGIRL

p. 43 **3** play hide-and-seek かくれんぼをする **4** some pitch-dark closet 真っ暗な押入れ **6** with a clatter がらっと **7** "Gotcha!" (=I've got you.)「見つけた！」 **8** feel so self-conscious in a strange sort of way へんに間が悪い感じがする **9** my heart is pounding 胸がどきどきする **19** and so on 等々 **20** about the size of a dice さいころくらいの大きさの

p. 44 **1** hold your breath かたずをのむ **4** their eyes popping open パチッと眼がさめて **6** the particles of starch or whatever 澱粉か何か **6** settle to the bottom 底に沈む **8** exhausted 疲れた **9** bleak もの悲しい **13** worn out くたくたの **13** don't feel like doing anything 何もしたくない **17** the emptiest, nothingest time いちばん虚しく，つまらない時 **19** pessimistic 厭世的な **20** are balled up together どっとかたまる **21** squirm 身もだえする **27** go "Oof!"「ヨイショ」と掛声をする

p. 45 **1** disgusting いやらしい **3** creepy 気味悪い **9** self-confidence 自信 **12** blurry ぼやけた **16** gaze into the distance 遠くを見る **17** peep show のぞき絵 **24** vacant look ぼかんとした表情 **27** entrust myself to～ ～に甘える

p. 46 **6** vulnerability 弱さ **6** naiveté あどけなさ **10** goblins お化け **18** it really gets me down 本当にがっかりする **20** charcoal たどん **21** disheartening がっかりするような **24** "liquid eyes"「うるおいのある目」

p. 47 **1** feel sort of bubbly なんだか浮き浮きする **1** I can't help but be happy about it. なんだか嬉しくならずにはいられない。 **8** part with～ 別れる **12** wretched みじめな **13** pickled radishes タクワン **17** give him lots of loving attention うんと可愛がってやる **19** filthy きたない **21** crippled 片輪の **24** stray 野良犬 **24** there's no telling when the dog catcher

might get him いつ犬殺しにやられるかわからない **27** get lost 迷子になる

p. 48 **3** stimulating 刺激的な **4** horrid いやな，憎らしい **8** plop down ドサッと坐る **10** bloodshot（目が）充血した **15** "The Barbarian's Sweetie, O-kichi"「唐人お吉」 **16** as if to make sure〜 まるで〜をたしかめるように **17** be so mad about〜 〜に熱中している **22** who knows〜? だれにもわからない **28** embroider 刺繍する

p. 49 **1** top 上着 **2** That puts me one up on everyone. それで私は得意になる。 **4** arrange a marriage 縁談をまとめる **8** stays so constantly on the go 始終動いている **9** was always engrossed in〜 いつも〜に夢中になっていた **11** day-to-day 日々，毎日の **12** wasn't one for socializing and whatnot 社交とかからは縁が遠かった **16** flawless きずのない **17** tranquil 安穏な **17** cheeky 生意気な **20** thicket 雑木林

p. 50 **2** weird illusion 変な錯覚 **8** be convinced that〜 〜と確信する **9** a bean plant 豆の木 **21** rice tub おひつ **22** inspiration インスピレーション，霊感 **23** felt something shoot through me なにか身内にピュウッと走り去っていくのを感じた **25** "the first inkling of philosophy"「哲学のめばえ」 **26** as if every dark recess of my heart and mind had become transparent まるで胸や頭のすみずみまで透明になったように **28** as if I could just sort of ease through life 軽く生き通せるように

p. 51 **4** pliable 柔軟な **7** premonition 予感 **12** become possessed by the Spirit or something 神がかりのようになる **13** repulsive いとわしい **14** maybe what it comes down to is that〜 結局〜ということになるのだろう **16** process (*v.*) 処理する **19** turn into phantoms お化けになる **22** cucumber きゅうり **25** a prickly, ticklish sort of sadness うずくような，くすぐったいような悲しみ **26** get this tremendous urge to go on a trip むしょうに旅行に出たくなる **28** locomotive 汽車

p. 52 **1** Prime Minister Konoe 近衛首相（近衛文麿）(1891–1945) 〈昭和12年第一次，昭和15年第二次組閣，太平洋戦争敗戦後，戦犯とし

て拘引される直前に自殺〉　**3** forehead 額（ひたい）　**4** advertisements 広告　**7** rack their brains 脳みそをしぼる　**13** gratifying 痛快な　**15** I'm dying to〜 どうしても〜したい　**19** stroll through〜 〜を散歩する　**20** I bet that〜 きっと〜だろう　**21** old-fashioned 旧式な，古風な　**21** be all the rage 大流行して　**27** languidly もの憂そうに

p. 53 **4** the Little Match Girl「マッチ売りの少女」　**7** "labor service"「勤労奉仕」　**15** logic 理窟　**16** random and haphazard でたらめでいい加減な　**22** shrine 神社　**22** a shortcut 近道　**24** little clumps of barley 大麦のかたまり　**25** vivid green clusters 青々した麦のかたまり

p. 54 **2** sprout 芽を出す，生え始める　**10** as usual いつものように　**10** unrepeatable 言えないような，下品な　**13** thread my way すり抜ける　**17** I'm all hot and flushed からだがカッカしている　**21** vexation いらだたしさ　**22** it won't be long before〜 すぐに〜になる　**26** straighten out the pleats of my skirt スカートのひだを直す

p. 55 **5** with an air of complete indifference まったく平気な様子で　**6** come to think of it よく考えてみると　**7** brazen あつかましい　**11** flip through〜 〜をパラパラめくる　**18** adapt to〜 〜に同化する　**19** identify with〜 〜に共鳴する　**21** make a complete turnabout クルッとかわってしまう　**24** get so sick of this deceitfulness, this phoniness of mine 自分のこのずるさ，いんちきには厭になる　**27** exposing myself to humiliation あか恥をかく

p. 56 **1** gain a little substance 少しは重厚になる　**2** far-fetched こじつけの　**4** finally act out, with complete composure, my role as the desperate loser 最後には絶体絶命の役を得々と演ずる　**11** blowing my nose like mad むやみに鼻をかむ　**18** self-criticism 自己批判　**21** baby myself 自分を甘やかす　**21** indulge myself with that much それにおぼれる　**23** console myself 自分を慰める　**23** "It's no good burning down your house to get rid of the mice."「角をためて牛を殺すのはよくない。」　**28** an article entitled "What's Wrong with Today's Young Women"「今日の若い女の欠点」という記事

p. 57 **4** in particular 特に **6** match up with～ ～に一致する **11** from time to time ときどき **12** religious leader 宗教家 **15** "debts of gratitude"「恩」 **15** politician 政治家 **17** all affectation 気取っている **17** foppish おしゃれな **17** Stuck on himself. しょっている。 **20** individuality 個性 **23** initiative 積極性 **23** apply constructive criticism directly to our lives 建設的な批判を自分の生活に直接むすびつける **24** self-examination 反省 **27** we're capable of taking responsibility for all the ramifications あらゆる結果について責任が取れる

p. 58 **1** be adroit at～ ～に巧みな **4** humility 謙遜 **4** Short on originality. 独創性に欠ける。 **6** be innate in human beings 人間本来の **7** elegance 上品さ **7** have no real refinement or grace 本当の気品がない **12** contributors 寄稿者，筆者 **12** in a more lighthearted, easy frame of mind than usual 普段より軽く，気楽な気持ちで **17** grab hold of～ ～をつかむ **19** concrete 具体的な **21** authoritative 権威ある **22** have lost sight of～ ～を見失っている **27** in different circumstances 違う環境では

p. 59 **6** aspire to～ ～にあこがれる **7** improve ourselves 自分を伸ばす **10** unshakable 動かない **12** a given role 与えられた役割 **15** take into consideration 考慮する **17** think lightly of～ ～を軽蔑する **18** seniors 先輩 **19** far from it～ それどころか **20** look up to～ ～を尊敬する **23** sweeping us along with its overwhelming force 圧倒的な力で私たちを押し流している **27** make a fuss over～ ～について大騒ぎする **28** stand out 目立つ

p. 60 **7** ethics 倫理，修身 **9** get ahead 出世する **11** an eternal loser 永遠の敗者 **12** impeccable 非の打ちどころのない **15** speak ill of～ ～を悪く言う **19** speak out for～ ～をはっきり弁護する **24** squash any discussion with a sharp word or two 一言か二言激しい言葉で議論を押しつぶしてしまう **25** you naughty girl おてんばね **26** you sound like a little delinquent 非行少女みたいね

p. 61 **1** eccentric 中心はずれの，風変りな **6** expectations 期待

8 flaunt 見せびらかす **9** obsequious 卑屈な **11** blather ペチャペチャしゃべる **13** to my advantage 私の得になって **15** craven and sneaky 卑怯で陰険な **16** trickle through life ボタボタ生活する **19** hurriedly 急いで **20** squeeze in〜 〜に割り込む **23** coat with a pouch ねんねこ **24** wear a lot of makeup 厚化粧をする **26** She's so wretched I feel like slapping her. あさましく，ぶってやりたくなる。

p. 62 **2** spineless いくじのない **9** latch on to me and whisk me away 私にまつわりついて，さらっていく **12** awesome 恐ろしい **16** caught my eye 目についた **17** positively haunted me 全く頭から離れなかった **21** a swarthy complexion 浅黒い顔色 **21** emphasize the tautness of his features 顔つきがしまっていることを強調する **23** close-knit せまっている **23** a pug nose しし鼻

p. 63 **1** it seems a pity to waste a face like that on a gardener そんな顔の人を植木屋さんにしておくのは惜しい気がする **10** handyman 何でも屋 **15** with it resting on my lap それを膝の上にのせて **16** caress 撫でる **20** instinct 本能 **20** run up against〜 〜に突き当る **22** enormity 大きさ **24** lose my mind 気が狂う **25** affirm 肯定する **27** from head to toe 頭の先から足の先まで，すっかり **28** whichever way it pleases どこでも好きな方向へ

p. 64 **5** gobble up むさぼり食う **7** of no consequence まったく取るに足らない **7** pathetic 情けない **8** lose myself in〜 〜に自分を忘れる **10** let-down 失望 **18** be anxious to〜 しきりに〜したがっている **28** pattering down the stairs of the bridge〜 ブリッジの階段をコトコト下りながら

p. 65 **4** That pretty shade of blue becomes her. あのきれいな青色が先生によく似合う。 **5** Her crimson carnation smacks you right in the eye, too. 真紅のカーネーションも目を打つ。 **6** if it weren't for〜 もし〜がなければ **7** put on airs 気取る **8** forced 無理な，不自然な **10** figure out 理解する **11** act cheerful 明るく振舞う **12** a naturally gloomy disposition 本来は暗い性質 **12** say what you will なんと言っても **19** go a bit overboard in my praise ちょっとほめ過ぎる **21**

depressing 気が重くなるような　**22** preach about patriotism 愛国心についてお説教をする　**23** have it explained to us 説明してもらう　**27** absently ぼんやりと

p. 66 **7** lunch break 昼休み　**8** "Seven Wonders of Tokyo High" 「一高七不思議」　**11** psychological 心理的な　**11** chain-rattling ドロンドロン式の　**12** get worked up 興奮する　**13** famished はらぺこの　**22** single me out 私を選ぶ

p. 67 **1** submit it for an exhibition 展覧会に出す　**6** tedious 単調で退屈な　**6** full of logic 理窟が多すぎる　**7** concentrate on～ ～に注意を集中する　**13** it practically makes me gag ゲーとなりそうだ　**17** when it comes to～ ～ということになると　**19** what's worse さらに悪いことに　**19** in a crafty way ずるく　**20** poseur [pouzɜ́:r] 気取り屋　**21** a lying, deceitful monster 人を欺く嘘つきの化けもの　**22** lets those poses dictate her behavior ポオズに行動を指図される　**28** know-it-all 知ったかぶりの

p. 68 **1** contemptible 卑しむべき，情けない　**4** inconsistencies 矛盾　**7** overestimate 過大評価する，買いかぶる　**14** all of a sudden 突然　**15** be overcome with～ ～に襲われる　**23** sneak off to～ こっそり～へ行く　**24** have our hair done 髪をやってもらう　**26** let-down 失望

p. 69 **2** on the sly こっそり　**5** in high spirits 上機嫌で　**9** prospective 将来の　**10** in all seriousness 本気になって　**17** "A rice-cake maker for a rice-cake maker." 「もち屋は，もち屋。」　**22** has no personality of her own 自分の個性がない　**24** extraordinarily feminine とても女性的な　**24** not all that intimate with～ ～とはそれほど親しくはない　**27** every other day 一日おきに

p. 70 **2** appreciate ありがたいと思う　**3** frolicsome ふざけた　**3** feel put off うんざりする　**6** soiled around the neckline 襟(えり)のよごれた　**7** disheveled もじゃもじゃの　**9** fierce すさまじい　**11** nauseating むかむかするような　**11** pregnant 妊娠した　**11** now and then ときどき　**12** a barnyard hen めんどり　**19** grind my teeth 歯ぎしりする　**22** scrub ごしごしこする　**23** come off （においなどが）落ちる

26 pop into my mind 思い当る

p. 71 **1** sweat rivers of perspiration until I'm all skin and bone 汗を滝のように流して細くやせる **2** cleanse [klenz] 清潔にする **6** it's a relief to〜 〜するとほっとする **6** vehicles 乗り物 **9** on solid ground しっかりした大地に立って **10** scatter-brain おっちょこちょい **10** a dizzy dragonfly in paradise 極楽トンボ **13** onions 玉ねぎ **17** physically 身体的に **28** put on a solemn face あらたまった顔つきになる

p. 72 **1** purposely overdoing it わざと大げさにキョロキョロして **2** tree-lined path 並木路 **4** earthen bridge 土橋 **6** puppy 子犬 **7** narrow my eyes as if enraptured うっとりしたように目を細める **11** with my shoulders hunched 肩をすぼめて **15** going through these elaborate motions 凝って歩いているうちに **17** the buoyant feeling lets me down with a thud 浮き浮きした気持がコトンと音たてて消える **19** wrenchingly ぎゅっと **27** inane 空虚な，くだらない **27** it won't do いけない **28** weakling 弱虫

p. 73 **1** Tsk. [tisk] チェッ。 **1** cover up my cowardliness 自分の弱虫をごまかす **6** haze 靄（もや） **14** prostrating myself ひれ伏して

p. 74 **2** have company 来客中である **2** cackle with glee にぎやかに笑い声をたてる **6** screech with laughter かん高く笑う **9** well 井戸 **12** patronage （商店などを）ひいきにすること **15** scales 鱗（うろこ） **17** platter 大皿 **22** spacious 広々とした **25** felt such a longing for〜 とても〜に焦がれた **26** give birth to〜 〜を生む

p. 75 **3** felt so lonely I could have died 死ぬほど寂しい気持だった **5** breathtakingly はっとさせるように **7** blood relations 肉身 **8** the farther away they are, the less you feel for them 遠く離れれば離れるほど忘れていく **21** plop down all over the place あたり一面にポタポタ落ちる **24** stand on tiptoe つまさきで立つ

p. 76 **1** come trotting cockily 気取って走って来る **2** grit my teeth 歯ぎしりする **4** feel tears welling up 涙が出そうな気持になる **4** smack him on the head 頭をぶつ **8** without Father

here～ お父さんがいないと　**11** change into～ ～に着換える **12** discard 脱ぎ捨てる　**20** I'm taken aback by how vivacious I look おや，と思うほど生き生きしている　**24** rouge 頬紅

p. 77 **5** it feels like my heart is on fire 胸が焼けるほど恋しい　**11** fuss over～ ～をちやほやする　**12** start an argument with～ ～にけんかをふっかける　**13** get a scolding 叱られる　**18** feel so nasty and awkward 意地悪くなったり，気詰りな思いをする　**19** What tremendous privileges I enjoyed then! なんという大きな特権を私は享受していたことだろう。　**23** trail after～ ～の後ろについていく　**26** vanish 消失する　**28** brood 考えこむ

p. 78 **9** mosquitoes 蚊　**10** unstitch ほどきものをする　**14** no matter how much I try to console her どんなにお母さんをいたわっても　**16** man and wife 夫婦　**19** audacious 大胆な，大それた　**21** swishing it around しゅっしゅっとかきまわして **24** get rid of～ 取り除く　**27** bobbed hair 断髪，短く切った髪

p. 79 **1** out of consideration for～ ～に対する思いやりから　**2** It'd be sort of perverse. それもいやだな。　**10** invite people's ridicule 世間の物笑いになる　**12** be on my guard against～ ～しないように気をつけている　**17** happy-go-lucky のんきな **19** work my fingers to the bone for her 身を粉にしてつとめる **24** ukelele ウクレレ　**25** plinking the strings 弦をポロンポロン鳴らす　**26** ecstatic 喜んだ

p. 80 **4** feel free to～ 安心して～して下さい　**5** household finances 家計　**7** this is how things stand こんな状態である　**10** frugal 倹約な，つましい　**12** start snickering to myself ひとりでくすくす笑い出す　**13** "But Even So." 「ああ，それなのに」〈昭和初期の流行歌の歌詞の一部〉　**15** rice pot 米を炊く鍋 **21** rely on intuition 勘に頼る　**22** in a simple sauce of saké, soy, and vinegar 三杯酢で〈酢・醤油・酒をまぜたもの〉　**24** let's see ええーと　**25** rococo cuisine ロココ料理　**27** parsley パセリ　**27** spinach ほうれんそう　**28** in the way of leftovers 残り物として　**28** a full spectrum of colors 色とり

どりに

p. 81 **4** it lends an atmosphere of gaiety and extravagance to the dinner table そのために食卓はずいぶん賑やかに華麗になる **7** a green burst of～ ～の青草 **8** a red coral reef of ham ハムの赤いサンゴ礁 **10** peony [pí:əni] ボタン **11** tidal waters 海水面 **16** the least I can do is～ せめて～する **18** Appearances come first in cooking. 料理は見かけが第一である。 **19** get away with うまくごまかす **24** delicacy デリカシイ，きめ細かさ **26** define 定義する **26** "an ornamental style emphasizing the florid and gorgeous, but lacking substance" 華麗豪華さを強調し，内容空疎の装飾様式

p. 82 **3** in favor of～ ～が好きな **6** be overcome by this horrible sense of nothingness このひどい虚無感に襲われる **12** with no regard for～ ～にかまわずに **23** tilt his head back 上を向く **27** double up with laughter からだをくねらせて笑う

p. 83 **2** be under the impression that～ ～と思っている **3** overreact 大げさにする **5** make up the most despicable class in society 世の中で一ばん卑しい階級である **6** sordid 不潔な，きたない **6** "petite bourgeois" 「プチ・ブル」 **7** petty bureaucrats 小役人 **8** precocious こまっしゃくれた，ませた **10** spontaneous のびのびした **18** force myself to look pleased むりに嬉しそうな顔をする **21** flatter お世辞を言う **21** can't help but be repulsed by it むかむかせずにはいられない **22** brace myself 突っ張る，屹（き）っとなる

p. 84 **1** emergency rations 非常食糧 **2** exasperating 腹立たしい **3** chopsticks 箸 **3** wail at the top of my lungs 大声あげて泣く **5** produce a simpering grin にやにや作り笑いをする **11** go out of your way to～ わざわざ～する **11** stay on the good side of～ ～とうまくつき合う **23** attend to～ ～に気をつかう，世話をする **25** retreat to～ ～へひっ込む **27** I'm being stuck up お高くとまっている

p. 85 **2** toady へつらう，ご機嫌をとる **5** restrain myself 自分を抑える，がまんする **5** amiable 愛想よい **10** lose sight of yourself 自分を見失う **14** as far as hardship goes 苦労に関するかぎり **15** so much the better そのほうがよい **19** sup-

press your own feelings 自分の気持を殺す **23** go insane 気ちがいになる **28** devote yourself to someone for the rest of your life だれかのために一生つくす

p. 86 **4** busy as a bee とても忙しい **5** forever scrubbing away at the laundry じゃんじゃん洗濯をする **7** accumulate ためる **8** jittery いらいらした **9** on the verge of hysteria ヒステリーを起しそうになって **12** rest in peace 永眠する **18** gall ずうずうしさ，厚かましさ **18** give them a good thrashing したたかぶんなぐってやる **24** announcement 案内 **26** be transferred to the regiment in～ ～の連隊へ転任する **27** give my regards to～ ～によろしく

p. 87 **1** commissioned officers 将校 **2** envy soldiers the discipline forced upon them 兵隊たちが規律を課せられているのがうらやましい **3** the rigorous daily routine 厳しい日課 **5** regulation 規則 **5** put you at ease 楽にさせる **13** put limits on～ ～を制限する **15** restrictions 制限，限定 **16** front 前線 **16** crave 切望する **18** felt awfully envious of～ ～をとてもうらやましく思った **19** make a clean break from this vicious circle of vile, complicated reflections このいやらしい，煩瑣（はんさ）な堂々めぐりからきれいに別れる **26** forthright 率直な **26** clear-cut はっきりした

p. 88 **7** lose your sight 失明する **19** oppressive 重苦しい **20** chest 胸 **23** lose his temper 癇癪（かんしゃく）を起す **27** detached とらわれない，私心のない

p. 89 **1** It really gets to you. 本当に胸にジーンとくる。 **4** the mikan crate みかん箱 **8** *A Strange Tale from East of the River* 「濹東綺譚」〈永井荷風作の小説〉 **10** posturing 気取り **12** outdated 旧式な，時代遅れの **15** indulgent 甘い **16** affected 心を動かされた **17** just the opposite 正反対の **19** resignation 諦め **20** mellow 円熟した **22** sense of responsibility 責任感 **23** is concerned with～ ～にこだわっている **24** defy 反撥する **24** rebelling in an unnatural, flashy sort of way 不自然にどぎつく反抗して **27** garish demon's mask あくどい鬼の面 **27** work against～ ～に悪く働く

p. 90 **7** coral tree さんご樹 **14** somewhere in my field of vision 視野のどこかに **18** all by itself ひとりでに **19** independent of～ ～と関係なしに **22** resign myself あきらめる

p. 91 **4** it cuts me to the quick 私の胸にすごくこたえる **9** dumb confusion 口では表わせない困惑 **10** something to live for 生きがい **27** ditty 小唄

p. 92 **2** blinking the way he did いつものように目をぱちくりして **6** turn into a naughty girl いけない娘になる **11** fragrance 香り **17** waft out at～ ～に漂ってくる **20** a physical sensation 肉体感覚 **21** Solomon, "even in his glory" was no match for these things 「ソロモンの栄華」もこれにはかなわない **25** spellbound うっとりした

p. 93 **7** I bet～ きっと～だろう **10** gigantic 巨大な **15** that's all there was to it ただそれだけだった **17** rummage through～ ～をかきまわす **20** slovenly だらしなく **24** cicadas 蝉 **24** wind chimes 風鈴

p. 94 **3** grumble ぼやく **4** it can't be helped 仕方がない **11** what do you suppose she comes out with? お母さんが何を言い出したと思いますか **14** a while back ちょっと前に，この間 **15** *Barefoot Girl* 「裸足の少女」 **24** assign （用事を）言いつける **26** can't keep from smiling 笑わずにはいられない

p. 95 **3** it's as if her weariness is transmitted right into my own body お母さんの疲労が私の体に伝ってくるようだ **6** resentment 恨み **7** voicelessly mouth the words 声に出さずに言う **14** pass away 逝く **20** be content with～ ～に満足している **22** set aside～ ～を取っておく **25** an admirable, worthwhile life 立派な，価値のある生活

p. 96 **10** nobodies with no regard for themselves 自分を重んじない取るに足らぬ人 **11** puppets 操り人形 **14** handle being submissive without losing their vitality 活力を失なわずに忍従をさばく **15** self-sacrifice 自己犠牲 **17** compensation 償い **18** masseuse マッサージ師，あんまさん **20** genius 天才 **22** other redeeming qualities 他の取柄

p. 97 **3** *Cuore: An Italian Schoolboy's Journal* 「クオレ（イタリアの生徒の日記）」 **4** look relieved ほっとした顔をする **5** Kessel's

Belle de Jour ケッセルの「昼顔」　**11** intuitively 直観的に　**15** prose 散文　**19** dumbfounding 唖然とさせる　**25** on the go 活動して　**26** straighten out〜 〜を直す　**27** the moment she gets in bed 床に入るとすぐに

p. 98　**4** waste time 時間をつぶす　**16** run-down （建物などが）くたびれた　**28** measles はしか

p. 99　**4** make a false step 踏みはずす　**5** end up doing irreparable damage to themselves 取りかえしのつかないからだになる　**7** do away with themselves 自殺する　**7** once and for all きっぱりと，ひと思いに　**14** just barely managed to hold on for that long やっとそこまで堪えてきた　**17** noncommittal, evasive platitudes あたりさわりのない教訓　**18** mollify なだめる　**19** add up to malignant neglect 意地悪なすっぽかしを加える　**19** by no means〜 決して〜ない　**21** way off in the distance はるか遠くの

p. 100　**8** sublime nihilism 崇高なニヒリズム　**24** collapse 倒れる　**25** purposely making a big thud わざとドサッと大きな音をたてて　**27** rapturously drowsy うっとり眠い

p. 101　**4** the abandoned house 捨てた家　**9** bowlegged O脚の，がにまたの　**12** mean 意地悪な　**18** lead 鉛　**19** like a carp or eel jerking on a fishing line 鮒（ふな）かウナギがぐいぐい釣糸を引っぱるように　**20** nod off うとうとする　**21** go slack （張った糸が）ゆるむ　**21** snap back awake 気を取り直す　**24** tug 引き　**26** a Cinderella シンデレラ姫〈まま子から王妃になった童話の主人公〉

CHERRY LEAVES AND THE WHISTLER

p. 102 **3** elderly 初老の **10** a castle town 城下町 **11** with a population of twenty-some thousand 人口二万余りの **12** accept a post as headmaster 校長として赴任する **14** since no suitable lodgings were available in town 町中には恰好の借家がなかったので **16** a detached house on the grounds of a temple お寺の離れ座敷

p. 103 **4** so thoroughly out of touch with worldly matters 世俗のことには，まったくうとくて **6** fall apart ばらばらになる **7** had had any number of offers いくらも縁談があった **13** physically infirm からだが弱い **19** renal tuberculosis 腎臓結核 **20** kidneys 腎臓 **22** in no uncertain terms はっきりと

p. 104 **2** was confined to bed 寝たきりだった **3** let me spoil her 私に甘えた **6** it was as if my entire body was being pierced by needles 総身を針で突き刺されるように苦しかった **12** shed one's clothing 着物を脱ぎ捨てる **14** a meadow path 野道 **15** one hand stuffed in my sash 帯の間に片手を差し入れて **19** an eerie, booming, other-worldly sound 不気味な，あの世から響いてくるような音 **24** stood frozen in my tracks からだが凝固したように立ちすくんだ

p. 105 **1** cannons 大砲 **2** Admiral Tōgō 東郷提督 (1847–1934)〈日露戦争の連合艦隊司令長官〉 **3** the entire Russian Baltic fleet ロシアのバルチック艦隊ぜんぶ **5** Navy Day is just around the corner again 海軍記念日がまたそろそろめぐって来る **8** mortal fear 死の恐怖 **11** the netherworld 地獄 **14** in a deathlike trance 死んだように呆然として **19** cater to her whims 気まぐれにしたがう **20** mother 世話をする **21** all the more painful 一そうつらい **24** felt the blood drain from my face 顔から血の気がひくのを感じた **25** all innocence まったく無心で **27** pulled myself together 気を取り直した

p. 106 **11** came across〜 〜を見つけた **22** voluminous correspondence たくさんの文通 **25** without arousing suspicion 疑われずに **26** having deduced that much〜 そう決めこんでしまって

p. 107 **4** in spite of myself 思わず **12** with all the urgency of a stream rushing down a mountain slope 谷川が山を流れ下るようにぐいぐいと **15** leaped to my feet 立ち上った **16** stood bolt upright 棒立ちになった **18** platonic 純精神的な **19** detestable 憎むべき **25** in the most offhand, breezy way この上なくのんき気な，何気ない様子で

p. 108 **2** unsullied 汚れていない **5** torment 苦しさ **7** outrageous 不埒（ふらち）な **7** felt a bittersweet sort of ache 甘酸っぱい痛みを感じた **8** suffocating 息苦しくなるような **9** come of age 成年になる **17** repellent いやな，不愉快な **19** in a most discomfiting manner 当惑するほど **21** pretend otherwise 知らないふりをする，何食わぬ顔をする **26** incompetent 無能な

p. 109 **5** realization 理解，わかること **12** in my selfishness 自分本位に **12** the ideal man for〜 〜にとって理想的な人間 **16** humility 謙譲 **17** insignificant 取るに足らない **18** dandelion タンポポ **20** the most manly course of action 最も男らしい態度 **25** "Battleship March" 「軍艦マーチ」

p. 110 **18** rip the letter into a thousand pieces その手紙を千々に引き裂く **24** painstakingly 苦心して，骨折って **28** compose bad poetry in my deception ごまかして下手な和歌を作る

p. 111 **1** beside myself 逆上して **4** composed 落ちついて **4** sublimely 崇高なくらい **14** reckless むこうみずな **18** a man outside our immediate circle 身内以外の男性，よその男の人 **20** sensible 分別のある，賢い **26** hollow くぼんだ，こけた

p. 112 **4** overwhelmed by a nameless fear〜 言い知れぬ恐怖に襲われて **6** uncanny うす気味悪い **12** seemed mystified 不可解なようだった **13** according to God's will 神の意志によって **20** contrive that little deception あのちょっとした狂言を思いつく **20** impetuous 衝動的な **27** set my heart at ease 安心する

p. 113 **1** earthly desires 世俗的な欲望，物欲

UN, MELOS!

114 **2** was enraged 激怒した **3** rid the land of that evil and ruthless king この国から，かの邪智暴虐の王を除く **4** politics 政治 **5** shepherd 羊飼い，牧人 **7** the sting of injustice 邪悪の痛み **10** some ten leagues 約10里 **11** Syracuse シラクス〈シシリー島南東部の港市〉 **14** was soon to be wed to〜 〜と近々結婚する予定だった **15** herdsman 牧夫 **15** purchase 買う **16** the wedding feast 結婚式の祝宴 **20** a close comrade since childhood 竹馬の友

115 **2** a stonemason 石工 **5** began to notice something odd about the atmosphere of the city 町の様子がどこかおかしいことに気づきはじめた **7** hushed ひっそりした **9** mournfulness 悲しみに沈んでいること **10** more than the mere advent of night could account for 夜になったせいばかりではない **11** by nature easygoing and carefree 生来のんきで気楽な **12** feel apprehensive 不安になる **14** befall〜 〜に起る，生ずる **20** with greater urgency 語勢を強くして **22** took him by the shoulders 肩をつかんだ **24** as if fearful of being overheard 盗み聞きされるのを恐れるように **27** full of evil intent 悪心を抱いている

116 **3** his own son and heir 世嗣ぎの息子 **5** vassal 家臣 **8** grow suspicious of his retainers 家臣の心を疑うようになる **9** affluent 裕福な **10** yield up to him one hostage 人質を一人差し出す **11** death by crucifixion 十字架にかけられ死刑 **12** execute 処刑する **19** bound him hand and foot 完全に縛った **21** dagger 短剣 **24** tyrant 暴君 **24** with quiet majesty 静かに威厳を持って **28** condescendingly 恩着せがましく

117 **3** shot back 反駁した **5** the loyalty of your subjects 臣下の忠誠 **7** prove my suspicion warranted 疑うのが正当であること

を証明する　**8** What are men but lumps of selfishness and greed? 人間は私欲のかたまりにすぎないのではないかね？　**13** protect your throne 王座を守る　**15** What peace is there in the murder of innocent people? 罪のない人を殺して，何が平和だ。　**17** Silence, peasant. だまれ，下賤の者。　**27** grant me one request 私に一つ情けをかけてくれる

p. 118 **1** grant 賜わる　**3** without fail 必ず　**5** a dry, raspy chuckle 乾いた，いらいらした笑い　**6** preposterous ばかげた，途方もない　**13** peerless 無比の　**14** flee 逃げる　**16** in my stead 私の代りに　**17** smiled with cruel cunning 残虐な気持で北叟笑（ほくそえ）んだ　**18** The impudence of this peasant. この下賤の者は生意気なことを言うわい。　**23** a sorrowful countenance 悲しい顔をして　**25** so-called いわゆる　**27** So be it. それでよろしい。

p. 119 **2** be absolved forever of your crime お前の罪は永遠に赦される　**7** stamp his foot in vexation 口惜しくて地団駄を踏む　**11** bosom friends 親友　**13** embrace 抱きしめる　**25** deluged him with questions 兄に質問を浴びせた

p. 120 **8** staggered off よろよろ歩いた　**9** altar 祭壇　**11** collapse 倒れる　**15** circumstances had arisen that forced him to〜 〜せざるをえない事情が生じた　**23** adamant 頑固な　**25** after much coaxing なだめすかして　**27** the marriage rites 結婚式　**28** oaths 宣誓

p. 121 **2** gave way to a torrential downpour 車軸を流すような大雨となった　**4** omen 前兆　**4** shrugged it off その懸念を振りはらった　**5** of good cheer 元気を出して　**5** the sultry, oppressive heat むんむんした蒸し暑さ　**10** the revelry only increased once night had fallen 祝宴は夜に入っていよいよ華やかになった　**11** were all but oblivious to the downpour outside 外の豪雨をほとんど気にしなかった　**15** steeled himself in his resolve to〜 わが身に鞭打って〜する決意をした　**20** are reluctant to〜 〜したがらない，気が進まない　**23** as if intoxicated with joy 歓喜に酔っているように　**26** with your leave 御免こうむって

p. 122 **7** a man of worth 偉い男　**13** in return お返しに，その代りに

16 fidgeted shyly with his hands てれて揉み手をした **17** bid the company farewell 一同に別れを告げる **18** banquet 宴席 **18** the sheep pen 羊小屋 **23** at all costs 是非とも **24** be true to their word 約束を守る **27** let up (雨が) やむ

123 **1** braced himself 元気を出した **2** with all the swiftness of an arrow in flight 矢のように速く **6** deal a blow to the wicked heart of the king 王の邪悪な心を打ち破る **7** have no choice but to run 走らなければならぬ **8** Youth, honor is thine to preserve. 若者よ，名誉を守れ。 **15** fist 握りこぶし **16** was no longer prey to distracting thoughts of〜 もはや〜への未練はなかった **21** at my leisure のんびりと **26** an unforeseeable disaster brought him to a halt 降って湧いたような災難がメロスの足を止めた **27** had caused the mountain springs to overflow 山の水源地を氾濫させた

124 **2** turbid 濁った **3** with one powerful, roaring surge 猛勢一挙に **5** smashing its beams to pieces 木葉微塵に橋桁を跳ねとばして **6** in stunned disbelief とても信じられずに茫然として **8** there was not a boat nor a ferryman in sight 舟も渡守りも姿が見えなかった **12** Zeus ゼウス〈ギリシャ神話の最高神〉 **12** this raging current この荒れ狂う流れ **17** wave swallowed wave, swirling and crashing 波は波を呑み，捲（うずま）き，爆り立てて **25** tumultuous 荒れ狂う **28** cleaved his way through〜 〜を掻き分け進んだ

125 **1** like a ferocious lion in battle 獅子奮迅の勢いで **7** with a mighty shudder 大きな胴震いをして **12** catch his breath ひと息入れる **13** out of nowhere どこからともなく **13** brigands 山賊 **18** valuables 貴重品 **24** lifted their clubs in the air 棍棒を振り上げた **25** dropped nimbly into a crouch ひょいとからだを折り曲げた **28** righteousness 正義

126 **1** three furious, savage strokes of〜 〜のすさまじい猛撃三発 **3** recoiled in fear 恐れてひるんだ **4** broke away 逃げた **5** in a single dash 一気に **6** exhaustion began to take its toll 流石（さすが）に疲労困憊した **11** his knees gave out 膝がくずれた **15** run like Hermes himself韋駄天のごとく走る

21 ranted at himself 自分を叱りつけた **22** lay sprawled out 大の字になって横たわった **23** could make no more progress than a worm that crawls 芋虫ほどにも前進できなかった **26** as a sulky petulance 不貞腐れた根性

p. 127 **2** taxed my powers to the utmost 精一杯努めた **6** Cursed be my fate! 私は本当に不幸な男だ! **14** harbor in his breast the dark clouds of doubt 暗い疑惑の雲を胸に宿す

p. 128 **1** spare my life 私の命を助ける **5** send me on my way, a free man 私を事もなく放免する **6** will be branded a traitor forever 永遠に裏切者の烙印を押されるだろう **7** ignominy 不名誉 **11** in corruption and wickedness 堕落と悪徳の中で **16** that we may live 自分が生きるために **17** futile 役に立たない，くだらない **18** deceitful うそつきの **25** rising falteringly to his hands and knees～ よろよろと四つん這いに起き上って **26** water gurgling quietly out of a crevice in the rocks 岩の裂け目からこんこんと，水が小さく囁きながら湧き出ている **28** scooping up the water 水を掬って

p. 129 **5** fulfill his duty 義務を遂行する **7** the red, declining sun 赤い斜陽 **8** set～afire ～を燃え立たせる **12** It counts for nothing. 問題ではない。 **18** Banish it from your mind. 忘れてしまえ。 **20** valor 勇気

p. 130 **6** ominous 不吉な **12** stripping himself nearly naked ほとんど裸になって **20** without breaking stride 走る速度を落さずに **22** apprentice to～ ～の弟子

p. 131 **1** If only you had come but moments sooner! もう少し早く帰って来て下さればよかったのに。 **11** taunt あざける，なじる **17** immeasurably 測り知れないほど **24** summoning up his last, desperate reserves of strength～ ～最後の死力を尽して **27** propelled by some immense, unnameable force わけのわからぬ大きな力に駆られて

p. 132 **1** was about to vanish まさに消えようとした **3** He'd made it. 間に合った。 **4** Spare that man. その人を殺してはならぬ。 **6** throng 群集 **7** All that issued from his parched, constricted throat was a harsh whisper 渇いてつぶれた喉から出てきたのは嗄れた声だけだった **9** multitude 群集 **9** took heed

of～ ～に注意した，気がついた　**10** the cross was already in place 磔の十字架がすでに立てられていた　**12** hoist 釣り上げる　**13** pushed his way through～ 掻きわけて進んだ　**17** surety 保証人，人質　**24** was lowered to the platform and released from his bonds 壇へ下げられ，縄がほどかれた　**28** a bad dream overcame me 悪い夢を見た

p. 133 **8** resoundingly 音高く　**18** perched on his seat 席について　**22** have subdued my heart 私の心に勝った　**23** an empty illusion 空虚な妄想　**24** Say you will let the league of love be three. どうかわしもお前たちの仲間の一人にしてほしい。　**26** "Long live the king!" 「王様万歳。」　**27** a young maiden stepped forward bearing a red cloak 若い娘が緋のマントを持って進み出た

p. 134 **2** in bewilderment 当惑して，まごついて　**7** A scarlet blush mantled the hero's cheek. 勇者のほおは真赤になった。　**9** legend 伝説　**9** Schiller シラー（1759–1805）〈ドイツの詩人・劇作家〉

EIGHT SCENES FROM TOKYO

p. 135 **3** dreary わびしい，ものさびしい　**4** recommend 魅力あるものにする　**9** could enjoy a certain amount of breathing space ある程度息つくひまがあった　**11** was anything but bleak 決して真暗ではなかった　**14** penniless 文無しの　**19** began sharing a house with～ ～と同棲を始めた　**20** a generous allowance 充分な仕送り

p. 136 **1** cautioned each other against extravagance ぜいたくを戒め合っていた　**3** pawn something or other 何かを質に入れる　**6** a wicker portmanteau 柳行李　**7** ominously large debts 多額の不気味な負債　**8** through the gracious offices of～ ～のお世話で　**9** took part in a run-of-the-mill arranged marriage 平凡な見合い結婚をした　**11** take a bit of a breather 一息つく　**12** paltry 凡庸な　**13** apply myself assiduously to～ たゆまず～に専念する　**16** say～ まあ～くらい　**17** devoid of～ ～が欠けている，～のない　**20** tenuous 弱い，薄弱な　**24** the uneasy blend of rapture and anxiety 恍惚と不安の交錯した異様な胸騒ぎ　**26** much to my distress 大いに困ったことに

p. 137 **3** depict 描く，叙述する　**6** that puts me on the verge of middle age この年齢では中年の域に入りかけたことになる　**6** consult my own flesh 自分の肉体に尋ねる　**8** alas 悲しいことに　**11** without pandering to anyone だれにも媚びずに　**13** plebeian 俗物の，卑しい　**14** get wind of such mindless backbiting そのような無智な陰口を耳にする　**16** vehement response 激しい返答　**20** perennial youth 万年青年　**20** the realm of the actor 役者の世界　**23** pressing assignments 差し迫った約束の仕事　**24** was more than a hundred yen ahead 百円以上余裕もあった　**26** contorted sighs ねじ曲った溜息　**27** on the advance 前進して，上昇して

p. 138 **3** a pleasure trip 遊覧旅行　**3** carve out a monument of once-

in-a-lifetime importance 生涯一度の重大な記念碑を骨折って作る **5** transfer to a train bound for〜 〜行きの汽車に乗り換える **7** a bouncy ride バスにゆられること **8** the Izu Peninsula 伊豆半島 **9** thirty-shack 戸数三十の **14** less objectionable than〜 〜よりましな **14** a coarsely mannered, mean-spirited chambermaid 意地の悪そうな，下品な女中 **18** boardinghouse 下宿屋 **20** the lowest of the low 下の下，最下等 **25** nice and cool 涼しくてよい **27** indication しるし

p. 139 **1** the rates（宿泊）料金 **1** depending お好みで **10** falteringly ロごもって **14** bills 札（さつ） **14** exasperated しゃくにさわって，ひどく怒って **26** was ordained by fate 宿命の中に規定されていた

p. 140 **7** for fear that doing so would brand me a country bumpkin そんなことをすると，田舎者と笑われはせぬかと恐れて **8** vacillation 迷い **10** in a deliberately churlish and self-deprecating tone of voice わざと乱暴な自嘲の口調で **12** stomped back to〜 足を踏み鳴らして帰った **18** in no time at all すぐに **20** miraculous 奇蹟的な **21** mulberry 桑 **22** silkworms 蚕（かいこ） **26** in droves 群をなして，ぞろぞろと **28** alternating 交互に来る

p. 141 **2** strut about in a frenzy 半狂乱で歩きまわる **3** out of the blue and apropos of nothing 唐突に，やぶから棒に **4** doleful 悲しい **14** sculpture 彫刻 **16** enrolled in〜 〜に入学した **16** Tokyo Imperial University 東京帝国大学〈現在の東京大学〉 **19** had a vague sort of reverence for〜 〜をぼんやり尊敬していた **23** tacitly 暗黙のうちに，それとなく **26** albeit [ɔ:lbí:ət] たとえ〜でも

p. 142 **1** second semester（二期制の）二学期 **3** that shadowy movement which the world most held in horror 世間が最も恐怖していたあの日蔭の運動 **5** scornfully 軽蔑的に，さげすんで **5** bombastic 大げさな，大言壮語の **7** pure politician 純粋な政治家 **15** as yet その時までは **20** diabolical 兇悪な，ひどい **21** sibling 兄弟（ここでは弟） **24** haughty 驕慢の

p. 143 **1** as if she were simply along for the ride まるで一応そうしているかのように **2** in stiff, officious language 堅い事務的な口調

で　**5** unconcerned 平気な，のんきな　**6** a source of discontent 不平の種　**10** sit back ふところ手をして待つ　**10** self-assurance 自信　**14** bustled about doing my job 仕事で奔走した　**18** it only doubled my sense of despair 二重に絶望しただけだった　**19** fell in love with〜 〜にほれた　**24** defeat 打破る　**25** ungodly 反神的な　**26** get the better of〜 〜に勝つ

p. 144 **3** Serves you right. ざまを見ろ。　**4** be alienated from〜 〜と仲たがいしている　**5** suicide attempt 自殺未遂　**10** was put in a detention cell 留置場に入れられた　**11** resulted in a stay of prosecution 起訴猶予になった　**15** redemption fee 身受けの費用　**17** fastidious 潔癖な　**18** carefree のんきな　**20** near the subdivision on the old Shimazu estate 島津公分譲地の傍に　**23** moron ばか者　**24** hadn't the slightest desire to〜 〜する気はみじんもなかった　**25** humor and amuse〜 〜の御機嫌をとる　**28** criminal record 前科

p. 145 **1** a time of ignominious imbecility 恥ずかしい低能の時期　**2** despising all forms of exertion〜 すべての努力を嫌って　**4** slid back into〜 また〜をはじめた　**11** Nothing worthy of mention happened. 何の語るべき事もなかった。　**15** was released 釈放された　**16** felt neither enthusiasm nor abhorrence for〜 〜に何の情熱も，また何の嫌悪も感じなかった　**18** lethargy 無気力　**19** in vapid indolence だれた無為の中で　**20** in rare form 調子がよい，快活な　**21** tear into〜 〜を激しくやっつける，非難する　**26** got to where she could more or less sound out Roman letters ローマ字をやっと読めるくらいになった

p. 146 **2** rough drafts 下書き　**4** was never overly distraught そんなに取り乱すことはなかった　**5** be hauled off by〜 〜に召喚される　**7** infamous 悪名高い　**16** divide up my household effects 家財道具を分ける　**18** a lumber merchant's shop 材木屋　**23** suppress my anxiety with the feckless reasoning that〜 〜という無責任な思念で自分の不安を誤魔化す　**28** stretch out 手足を伸ばす

p. 147 **2** an economics student 経済学部の学生　**4** repulse 嫌悪させ

る　**5** like trying to swallow boiling water 煮え湯を飲むような　**10** broach the subject そのことを切り出す　**16** pluck up my courage 勇気を出す　**17** in as casual a tone as possible できるだけさりげない口調で　**19** "smelled green"「半可臭い」　**20** briefly furrowed her brow as if in anger 怒ったようにちらっと眉をひそめた　**22** there was no hesitation or ambiguity in her reaction その反応には，ためらいやあいまいさがなかった　**24** Rousseau's *Confessions* ルソー「懺悔録」　**26** agonize over〜 〜に苦しむ　**28** finally got her to spit it all out とうとう全（すべ）て吐き出させた

p. 148 **5** when it came to matters of this nature こういう種類のことになると　**6** point the finger 人を責める　**12** undefiled 無垢の　**12** had gallantly accepted H.'s version of the facts H の言うままを，勇者の如く受入れていた　**15** guard her chastity 純潔を守る　**16** because she was the spirited, willful women she was このように元気のよい，気性の激しい女であるから　**18** not even "half-wit" fit the bill「お目出度い」かぎりである　**24** be smashed to bits 粉々になる　**25** turned myself in to the police 警察へ自首して出た　**27** survived the prosecutor's investigation 検事の取調べが終った

p. 149 **1** lost no time in 〜ing すぐに〜した　**2** a pathetic reunion 侘びしい再会　**10** untoward 都合の悪い，厄介な　**11** awaken from my moronic daze 馬鹿な夢から目覚める　**12** my last will and testament 遺書　**15** my maiden work 処女作　**16** without the least ornamentation 少しも飾らずに　**19** overgrown with weeds 草ぼうぼうの　**22** full of myself うぬぼれた，利己的な　**27** the doomed 滅亡の民　**28** play out the role in which fate had cast me 運命が私に振り当てた役割を忠実に演じる

p. 150 **1** servile 卑屈な　**8** the first-hand account of〜 〜を直接書き綴ったもの　**10** a burning obsession 猛烈に気がかりなこと　**20** was already being devoured by that ever-beckoning demon 永遠に手招きするあの悪魔に食われかけていた　**25** sit for the examinations 試験を受ける

p. 151 **1** on that score その点に関しては　**3** did a magnificent job of

betraying them 見事に彼らを裏切った **5** take you to the brink of madness 狂うばかりにする **12** suffering the fierce introspection and self-scorn and fear that that determination engendered その決心から生じる，猛省と自嘲と恐怖に苦しみながら **14** self-centered 自己中心の，身勝手な **17** were nothing but callow, pretentious sentimentalism 青くさい気取った感傷にすぎなかった **19** with my life on the line 命を懸けて **21** a large manila envelope 大きな紙袋 **22** "Declining Years"「晩年」

p. 152 **5** upstanding 高潔な，正直な **7** cause him no end of trouble and worry たいへん迷惑と心配をかける **10** compulsion 抑えがたい欲望 **11** fearful of being rebuked by my host and H. 家主やHに叱られるのを恐れて **16** leaf through～ さっとページをめくる，読み散らす **17** scribble a rough draft for a story 小説の下書きをする **21** Every moment counted. 刻一刻が大事だった。 **24** That demon was now gnawing hideously away at the very marrow of my bones. その悪魔が骨の髄まで私を食い尽していた。 **28** furious 激怒した

p. 153 **1** graduate no matter what 必ず卒業する **4** create accomplices 共犯者を作る **5** the archetypal prodigal son 典型的などら息子 **8** avoid being implicated 巻き添えにならないようにする **10** To be tagged a self-complacent, poetic dreamer was the last thing I wanted. ひとりよがりの詩的な夢想家と思われるのが，私は何よりいやだった。 **17** I wouldn't stand for that. そんなことになったらとても耐えられない。 **18** to the hilt 徹底的に，あくまでも **20** rationalization（もっともらしい）理窟 **20** in absolute seriousness 大真面目に **23** imminent 今にも起りそうな **24** I was backing myself into a corner. 私はせっぱ詰っていた。

p. 154 **5** coughed up prodigious amounts of phlegm やたらに痰を吐いた **10** an egocentric, pretentious idea 身勝手な，うぬぼれた考え **14** out of twenty-odd pieces 二十数篇のうちで **18** burned it to ashes きれいに燃やした **24** put my affairs in order 身のまわりを整理する **26** a scrap dealer 屑屋

p. 155 **8** Kindred spirits appeared from near and far. 諸方から同志が現

る　**5** like trying to swallow boiling water 煮え湯を飲むような　**10** broach the subject そのことを切り出す　**16** pluck up my courage 勇気を出す　**17** in as casual a tone as possible できるだけさりげない口調で　**19** "smelled green"「半可臭い」　**20** briefly furrowed her brow as if in anger 怒ったようにちらっと眉をひそめた　**22** there was no hesitation or ambiguity in her reaction その反応には，ためらいやあいまいさがなかった　**24** Rousseau's *Confessions* ルソー「懺悔録」　**26** agonize over～ ～に苦しむ　**28** finally got her to spit it all out とうとう全（すべ）て吐き出させた

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betraying them 見事に彼らを裏切った　5 take you to the brink of madness 狂うばかりにする　12 suffering the fierce introspection and self-scorn and fear that that determination engendered その決心から生じる，猛省と自嘲と恐怖に苦しみながら　14 self-centered 自己中心の，身勝手な　17 were nothing but callow, pretentious sentimentalism 青くさい気取った感傷にすぎなかった　19 with my life on the line 命を懸けて　21 a large manila envelope 大きな紙袋　22 "Declining Years"「晩年」

p. 152 5 upstanding 高潔な，正直な　7 cause him no end of trouble and worry たいへん迷惑と心配をかける　10 compulsion 抑えがたい欲望　11 fearful of being rebuked by my host and H. 家主やHに叱られるのを恐れて　16 leaf through～ さっとページをめくる，読み散らす　17 scribble a rough draft for a story 小説の下書きをする　21 Every moment counted. 刻一刻が大事だった。　24 That demon was now gnawing hideously away at the very marrow of my bones. その悪魔が骨の髄まで私を食い尽していた。　28 furious 激怒した

p. 153 1 graduate no matter what 必ず卒業する　4 create accomplices 共犯者を作る　5 the archetypal prodigal son 典型的などら息子　8 avoid being implicated 巻き添えにならないようにする　10 To be tagged a self-complacent, poetic dreamer was the last thing I wanted. ひとりよがりの詩的な夢想家と思われるのが，私は何よりいやだった。　17 I wouldn't stand for that. そんなことになったらとても耐えられない。　18 to the hilt 徹底的に，あくまでも　20 rationalization（もっともらしい）理窟　20 in absolute seriousness 大真面目に　23 imminent 今にも起りそうな　24 I was backing myself into a corner. 私はせっぱ詰っていた。

p. 154 5 coughed up prodigious amounts of phlegm やたらに痰を吐いた　10 an egocentric, pretentious idea 身勝手な，うぬぼれた考え　14 out of twenty-odd pieces 二十数冊のうちで　18 burned it to ashes きれいに燃やした　24 put my affairs in order 身のまわりを整理する　26 a scrap dealer 屑屋

p. 155 8 Kindred spirits appeared from near and far. 諸方から同志が現

われた。 **10** if you will いうならば **11** a mad dance on the eve of death 死の前夜の乱舞 **13** take apart feeble-minded students 低能の学生たちをさんざんやっつける **14** fallen women 堕落した女たち **14** like our own flesh and blood 自分の肉親のように **16** belles-lettres [bellétr] 純文学 **18** fed up with our mad, directionless frenzy 方向のない異様な熱狂にうんざりして **24** employment interviews 入社試験の面接

p. 156 **2** my ruse would eventually be exposed 私の策略はいずれは露見するだろう **7** acted out the temporizing lie その場かぎりの嘘をついた **16** stood no chance of～ ～する見込みもなかった **17** The foundation of my great imposture was about to crumble. 完璧の瞞着の陣地もくずれようとしていた。 **20** hang myself 首をつる **22** a ruckus 騒ぎ **23** drown myself おぼれる **24** infallible (方法などが) 確実な，信頼できる **25** humiliatingly enough 面目ないことに **25** botch やりそこなう **27** revive 生き返る

p. 157 **1** with sore, red welts around my throat 首筋に赤くただれた跡をつけて **2** prescribe my own fate 自分の運命を規定する **3** totter home ふらふら帰宅する **6** compassion 同情，あわれみ **10** berated me roundly 厳しく叱った **11** felt an overwhelming fondness for～ ～が慕わしくてならなかった **12** wondrous 不思議な **15** developed an intense pain in my abdomen 劇烈な腹痛に襲われた **18** lose consciousness 意識を失う，気が遠くなる **19** be loaded, bedding and all, aboard an ambulance 蒲団のまま救急車に乗せる **22** appendicitis 盲腸炎 **24** suppuration had spread to the peritoneum 膿が腹膜にまでひろがっていた **26** operation 手術 **27** surgery (外科) 手術 **27** coughed up any number of blood clots 咽喉から血塊がいくらでも出た **28** my chronic chest problems had suddenly surfaced with a vengeance 前からの胸部の病気が急に表面に激しくあらわれて来たのだった

p. 158 **3** incorrigible 救いがたい **4** incision (手術の) 傷口 **6** infectious 伝染性の **10** director 院長 **14** proliferate 繁殖する，急激に増す **18** change of air 転地 **19** recuperate 健

康を取り戻す，回復する　**21** undergo a hellish upheaval 地獄の大変動をこうむる　**26** was extremely susceptible to the torment of insomnia 不眠の苦痛には極度にもろかった　**28** injections 注射

p. 159 **2** concede to～ ～を聞き容れる　**5** reluctantly 渋々と　**5** about every third time I asked him 私がたのむ三度に一度くらいは　**6** the stuff to eliminate physical pain 肉体の痛みを取り除くもの　**7** blot out my shame and ease my fretfulness 自分の慚愧（ざんき）を消し，焦躁をやわらげる　**12** prescription 処方せん　**12** coerced the timid fellow into ～ing その気の弱い医者に無理に～させた　**13** certificate 証明書　**14** pharmacy 薬局　**15** was dismally addicted 陰惨な中毒患者になっていた　**16** was hard up for money 金につまった　**19** it stood to reason～ ～は理の当然だった　**21** toy with～ ～をいじくり廻す　**24** show myself 姿を表わす　**25** a ragged and half-mad derelict みすぼらしい，半狂いの浮浪者　**27** reptilian 卑劣な

p. 160 **3** angered by my importunacy 私のしつこさに怒った　**11** denunciation 非難　**13** drug addiction 麻薬中毒　**13** driven to desperation 死物狂いになって　**16** solicit an advance 前借をねだる　**17** was crazed by my own suffering 自分の苦悩に狂って　**19** for all they were worth 一所懸命に，精一杯　**23** I'd exhausted my material. 材料が枯渇してしまった。　**25** the other way around あべこべで，正反対で　**28** ram ahead with my entire being からだごとぶっつけて行く

p. 161 **1** boorish and unrefined 粗野で野暮な　**2** adhere with misguided scrupulousness to the rigid ethic of earning one's own livelihood 生計を立てるなどという固苦しい道徳に，誤った実直さでこだわる　**4** despair of～ ～に絶望する，あきらめる　**6** self-degrading 破廉恥な　**6** conservative 保守的な　**9** dosages （薬の）服用　**10** did nothing but balloon 増大するばかりだった　**12** sobbing and whimpering in broad daylight 白昼めそめそ泣きながら　**14** "extorted" 「奪い取った」　**17** associate with～ ～と交際する，つき合う　**18** was bundled into an automobile 自動車に乗せられた　**20** a

mental hospital 精神病院

p. 162 **1** be through with～ ～をやめる，手を切る **6** interpret 解釈する **7** emphatically 力強く **14** had been commissioned to write manuscripts for～ ～の原稿を書くように注文がきていた **18** immoderately 節度もなく **27** face up to the gloom and desolation around me 自分の周囲の荒涼に立ち向かう

p. 163 **1** as it turned out～ ～結局のところ **10** reached the bottom どん底に達した **15** a Western-style painter 洋画家 **16** took me completely by surprise まったく思いもかけなかった **17** felt as if I were suffocating 窒息しそうな気がした **20** off-hand, abstract remark 何気ない抽象的なことば **21** was released from that accursed hospital あの不吉な病院から退院した **23** be inept at～ ～が拙（つたな）い，無器用な **25** It was one thing to hear the painter out, but quite another to know what to do. 画家の相談を聞いても，どうしたらよいかはわからなかった。 **28** the three parties involved 三人の関係者

p. 164 **3** lost my composure 平静を失った。狼狽した **6** distanced himself from the situation 逃げ腰になった **7** in the midst of my own agony 自分が苦しい中で **12** in a spirit of camaraderie 仲よく **18** having been brilliant enough to botch things again またも見事に失敗した **19** sleeping pills 睡眠薬 **23** were I to go on making a pretense of perseverance (＝if I were to～) 我慢を装ってみても **28** decay 朽ちる

p. 165 **1** gross 下卑た **6** withered fields 枯野 **6** lingering pines 佇（たたず）む **9** hodgepodge of poems でたらめな歌 **14** scoundrel 無頼漢 **14** imbecile 低能者 **15** lecherous 好色な **15** a con man 詐欺師 **18** abuse 虐待する **21** were sneeringly, contemptuously circulated 嘲笑，軽蔑をもって世人に語られた **22** was ostracised and treated as an outcast, a leper 葬り去られ，廃人の待遇を受けていた **25** munching on rice crackers せんべいをかじりながら

p. 166 **8** take～for granted ～を当然とみなす **9** run of misfortune 不幸 **10** the Diet （日本などの）国会 **11** was indicted for election fraud 選挙違反で起訴された **12** in awe of～ ～を畏敬して **16** indirectly 間接的に，人伝えに **19** lifted me

from my prostration 意気消沈している私を引き上げてくれた **23** having such unmerited fortune 不当に恵まれていること **25** was of the belief that〜 〜という信仰を持っていた **27** as befitted their status 身分にふさわしく

p. 167 **1** bad karma 悪業 **6** had already been removed from the family register 戸籍はすでに分けられていた **9** no longer had any special privileges of birthright もはや生得の特権はとりわけ何もなかった **11** had nothing to my credit, only debits プラスは何もない，マイナスだけだった **15** robust 頑健な **18** a reappraisal of history 歴史の再評価 **18** loathing for my own dereliction 怠惰への嫌悪 **23** there is always the hint of a gap, a fabrication somewhere 必ずどこかに嘘の間隙が匂っている **25** in a prescribed way 規定されたように

p. 168 **6** stealthily こっそり **6** pat it into riceballs 握り飯にする **12** the priceless trust 貴い信頼 **13** in due course そのうちに **19** redeemed my dress kimono from the pawn shop 質屋からよそ行きの着物を受け出した **21** reaffirm 再確認する

p. 169 **2** go-between 仲人 **6** in succession つづけて **8** quite an undertaking 仲々の事業 **16** on signing the registers at inns 宿帳に記入する時に **18** occupation 職業 **28** hit upon the idea アイデアを思いついた

p. 170 **3** a magic lantern 走馬燈 **6** scenic spots 名所 **9** flip through〜 〜をパラパラめくる **12** delude 欺く **16** fireworks 花火 **17** lightning 稲妻 **21** resisted order 整理は困難だった **23** trite 陳腐な **26** illustrious 高名な

p. 171 **2** consign me to what amounted to excommunication 私を破門のようなことにする **4** pay my respects 敬意を表わす **5** be in contact with〜 〜と親しくしている **7** sponsor 発起人 **14** prove favorable 良い結果になる **22** pronounce （意見を）はっきり言う **25** a private screening of the film 映画の試写会 **27** whiled away the entire day まる一日を楽しく過した

p. 172 **5** came to a halt 立ち止った **13** his excommunicated, delinquent disciple 破門された，悪い生徒 **16** felicitous ぴったりの，適切な **27** the exchange of betrothal gifts 結納 **27** was inducted into the army 応召になった

p. 173 **3** alert 機敏な，はきはきした　**8** frivolous 軽薄な　**14** well-wishers 見送り人　**14** congregate 集まる　**16** in a khaki uniform カーキ色の制服を着た　**17** wend his way through 〜〜の間をゆっくり進む　**25** incompetent in social situations 社交下手の

p. 174 **6** banners 幟（のぼり）　**10** look down upon 見下す　**14** fiancé 許嫁（いいなずけ）　**19** unit 部隊　**21** sightseeing buses 遊覧バス，観光バス　**28** stolid ぼんやりした

p. 175 **1** landmark 歴史的建造物　**5** launch into an explanation 何か説明を始める　**5** feigned indifference 無関心を装った　**7** reminiscent of the statue of Balzac バルザック像をしのばせるような　**14** was behind the wheel 運転していた　**16** materialize 現われる　**24** in tow 後に従えて

p. 176 **2** stiff and tense 緊張して固くなって　**3** in a silent salute 黙って挙手の礼をして　**12** cab（トラックの）運転台　**15** detected a flash of irritation 不機嫌の色がちらっと見えた　**17** intrusive でしゃばりの　**17** blench ひるむ，たじろぐ　**19** near-fatal 死ぬほど　**20** to boot おまけに，その上　**21** diffidence 遠慮がち

p. 177 **3** taut ぴんと張った　**8** be up to something 何かをやっている

ONE SNOWY NIGHT

p. 178 **6** dried cuttlefish するめ **11** deliberately わざと **13** wrapped in newspaper 新聞紙に包んで **16** scatterbrained 落ちつきのない **18** romping about はねまわる

p. 179 **9** eat "like a canary" カナリアのように小食である **10** snack between meals or anything 間食をする **12** get cravings for～ ～が食べたくなる **17** just by coincidence 全く偶然に **24** not the least bit famous ちっとも有名でない **27** he's always in and out of bed いつも寝たり起きたりしている

p. 180 **1** bawl us about one thing or another 何だかんだと小言をいう **6** felt indignant about～ ～に義憤を感じた **9** once in a while たまには **11** got very cross and huffy ぶっとふくれた，ぶりぶりした **12** grubby 下品な **15** you wouldn't catch me pulling some low-minded stunt like that あんなあさましいまねはしない **16** food-hunting gangs 買い出し部隊 **18** stoop to～ 身を落として～をする **20** patriotism 愛国心 **20** plain laziness 全くの不精 **21** parties 一行，部隊 **23** work for the government 役人をしている

p. 181 **4** oddball 変人，変り者 **7** get their hands on some rare treat めずらしいものが手に入る **12** retraced my steps 来た道を引き返した **25** fairyland おとぎの国

p. 182 **2** low-minded いやしい，あさましい **6** a light bulb 電球 **10** just off the top of his head 即席の，口から出まかせの **16** autopsy 解剖 **16** shipwrecked 難破した **18** microscope 顕微鏡 **19** imprinted on the retina 網膜にやきついた **20** phenomenon 現象 **23** giant, raging billows 怒濤 **24** dazed and frantic 無我夢中で **26** the window ledge of a lighthouse 燈台の窓縁

p. 183 **2** a modest, cozy dinner つつましく，楽しい夕食 **4** destroy the wonderful harmony 団らんを滅茶苦茶にする **9** noble-

hearted 気高い　**11** gave～a solemn and reverent burial ～をねんごろに葬った　**25** prenatal suggestion 胎教　**27** Noh masks 能面

p. 184 **3** scowling face しかめっつら　**4** meek and mild as she is～ おとなしい人だが　**5** put up with～ ～を我慢する　**7** It makes me feel all queasy inside. 胸がむかむかする。　**14** be on the handsome side どちらかといえば美男子である　**23** gave up on～ ～をあきらめた　**28** in the depths of my heart 胸の底に

p. 185 **11** humbug 大うそ，たわごと　**21** there's no use ～ing ～してもむだだ　**21** boring つまらない　**22** a hundred times more effective 百倍も効果がある　**25** hateful 憎らしい　**28** twenty years' worth of beautiful snows 二十年ぶんのきれいな雪景色

p. 186 **3** incredible 途方もない，すごい　**5** piddling つまらない　**8** I've got you way outclassed. お前よりは断然上等だ。　**10** was so mortified (that) I wondered if～ くやしくて～しようかと思った　**17** the minuses outnumber the pluses by far プラスよりもマイナスのほうがはるかに多い　**20** Cheeky little brat! 生意気なやつめ。　**21** in a huff 不機嫌に

RUN, MELOS!
and other stories

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